19805
175 -
SEUCM
P
[Collings, George]

RB 212406



Presented to the

LIBRARY *of the*

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

by

The Birks Family Foundation

WAR:

An Heroic

POEM.

By *George Cockings.*

CALEB.SUTTON.

CALEB.SUTTON.

CALEB SUTTON

WAR:

AN HEROIC POEM,

FROM THE

Taking of MINORCA, by the French;

TO THE

Reduction of the HAVANNAH,

By the EARL of ALBEMARLE,

Sir GEORGE POCOCK, &c.

The Second EDITION, to the raising

The Siege of QUEBEC:

With large Amendments, and Additions.

By the AUTHOR.

BOSTON, N. E. Printed by S. ADAMS, for the AUTHOR; and sold by T. LEVERETT, in Cornhill, EDES & GILL, and D. & J. KNEELAND, in Queenstreet. 1762.

[Price, one Dollar.]

THE

PREFACE.

READERS, of whatever rank, or denomination, if ye ſhould receive any pleaſure from, and approve the following lines, as to their general deſign, it is the ſummit of my ambition. I am no writer by profeſſion, but at my leiſure hours, wrote the ſiege of Louiſbourg, in the winter of 1758; in Newfoundland, to amuſe myſelf, and friends: and had no thoughts of printing it. But in the great, and ever-memorable year of fifty-nine, ſo repeated, and rapid, were our conqueſts, both by ſea, and land, in Europe, Africa, and America; ſo often came news of our ſucceſſes from every part, (like gunpowder, when touch'd by the

match,) my fancy took fire! the rapt'rous joy grew too great to be contain'd within bounds! and I thought among the reſt, I would add my ſhare of applauſe, and ſtrive to regiſter in the book of fame, the heroic actions perform'd by our Troops, and Tars. I therefore aſſum'd my pen, and compleated the following Poem: and being at length perſuaded by ſome gentlemen, (to whom I repeated it,) I have ventur'd it in the preſs, and ſubmit it to the public cenſure, from which there is no appeal; and I hope they will look favourably on it, and not chill the ardour of my genius, by a ſevere criticiſm; this being the firſt eſſay I ever dar'd offer to the public inſpection. Many faults, doubtleſs, may be found in the Poem; for I, perhaps, (like a tender mother, fond of her own offspring,) view it with partial prejudice; and as ſhe can ſee fire, in a dull, languid eye, beauty, in a ruſtic, freckled face, and ſymetry, even in diſtorted limbs; I fondly fancy a poetic fire glides thro' every part of it; think thoſe lines run ſmoth, and fall with a proper cadence, which perhaps are rough, and diſſonant;

ſonant ; and tho' I ſhou'd fancy a juſt proportion even in all its parts ; where I think it moſt compleat, to others it may ſeem the moſt deficient. For the beſt gallic cooks, (tho' they are ſo univerſally admir'd,) cou'd never yet, ſend a diſh to table, ſo elegantly compos'd, as to pleaſe the palate of every Feeder. How then can I, unnotic'd, and unknown, without a patron, and unacquainted in this part of the World, and without the additional weight of years on my ſide: I ſay, (all theſe circumſtances conſider'd,) how can I expect to give a general ſatisfaction, to the Warriors, the Wits, the Scholars, and the Men of ſenſe ; and to every other claſs of Readers, whoſe ſentiments, doubtleſs, will not run concordant with my own. But I have done all I can to give ſatisfaction, and rouze a ſpirit of emulation in every Reader. And if on the peruſal, any Gentleman, that ſhall find I have made any material omiſſions, will be ſo good as to leave me a notice of it at Meſſieurs *Edes* and *Gill*'s, printers in Queen-ſtreet ; and directed for

me: if ever I ſhou'd be favour'd by the public approbation, ſo far, as to print a third impreſſion, he may depend it ſhall be inſerted, ſhou'd the hint be ſuitable to the deſign of my Poem. But if it is a hint, dictated by a party ſpirit, he may ſave himſelf the trouble, and depend it ſhall never be inſerted. For my intention is not to calumniate any man, nor even to write a true narration of what any particular perſon may have done amiſs, thro' cowardice, inadvertency, inexperience, incautious confidence in others promiſes, pride, or the like. Neither do I meddle with the intereſt of the two oppoſing parties in Great-Britain, and Ireland. But my ſole deſign is this; (fir'd by a love of my Country! and a generous eſteem for all, who have fought, bled, or dy'd for my Country's cauſe!) to exert my utmoſt efforts, to inroll in the liſt of fame their Names; to call them forth in the faireſt point of view; and dreſs their amazing actions! in all the elegance of harmonious numbers, and poetic truth! to warm the heart of him that fought,

and

and lives! to give a juſt, deſerv'd encomium, on the worthy warring dead! and inſpire with heroic ſentiments, the ſoul of every youth which reads, and hath not yet been reaping the honourable harveſt of martial glory!

He, who governs his People with Regal Lenity, and paternal fondneſs: thoſe who hazard their Royal Perſons in battle, for their Country's Welfare: the Miniſters, and Patriots, that nobly plan her warlike ſchemes; who firmly ſtem the tide of oppoſition, which wou'd break down, and over-run, the bounds of her happy conſtitution; with all thoſe, who draw the Sword in Britannia's quarrel, whether Engliſhmen, Caledonians, or Hibernians, and carry their patriot ſchemes, (dreadfully,) into a waſting execution! All ſuch as theſe, demand duty, allegiance, and a generous acknowledgment of every heart, ſenſibly touch'd with a due ſenſe of their kingly care! ſucceſsful plans! and heroic performances! and ſuch a King, ſuch Princes, Patriots, and Miniſters, has England got. And ſuch Warriors we have,

in

in the Royal Navy, and Army of Great-Britain, that common ſenſe, and gratitude, bid us revere them! and ſpeak of their great merits, in the moſt exalted ſtrain! and ſo long as I write, I ſhall always beſtow my encomiums on thoſe, who plan my Country's good, preſerve peace, and amity, ſo much as poſſible in the land; fight her battles, and pour deſtruction on her inveterate foes. Theſe, I ſay, ſhall employ my tongue, to ſing their fame, and give them due honours, of what country, or party ſoever: for he that does the Nation good, deſerves a grateful acknowledgment of the ſame.

I have, as well as I can, thro' the whole Poem, preſerv'd a continu'd narration of the events, as they happen'd; yet I cou'd not avoid interjecting ſome things, where they ſcarce ſeem'd to claim a place: but as I thought they ſcarce deſerv'd diſcuſſion by themſelves, I did it to avoid a fruitleſs repetition of ſieges, ſurrenders, attacks, and ſkirmiſhes, and to keep the Poem from ſwelling to too great a bulk: I mean thoſe places

in

in Africa, the Indies, *&c.* placing the time of their reduction, moſtly at the time, when the Armaments ſailed from hence, deſtin'd againſt them; tho' in reality, they fell long after, beneath the heavy battle of thoſe Tars, and Troops, which ſail'd thither, arm'd with angry Britain's vengeance! For it was in leſs compaſs than three years, the plans were form'd, and carried into execution, againſt Louiſbourg, the Continent, and Quebec: againſt Maloes, Cherburg, and the gallic Fleets; and all the other expeditions againſt our Enemies, in Africa, *&c.* So that I ſcarce knew how to digeſt the whole into a regular narration, and not vary in a point, as to the time of the events; and therefore I thought proper to throw in together, the attacks, and reductions of Guadaloup, Senegal, Granada, St. Martin's, Marigalante, Surat, Chandernagore, Calcutta, and the Nabob twice defeated, under the command of *Watſon*, *Pocock*, *Moore*, *Clive*, *Draper*, *Marſh*, *Keppel*, *Maſon*, *Barrington*, *Sayer*, *&c. &c. &c.* Theſe, I therefore reckon'd up in the firſt of the Poem, when I mention'd Great-Britain rouſing to battle; her

her Armament for war, and pouring her victorious Troops round about, on every ſide ; ſince it was near about the ſame time they ſail'd from England ; and I hope as I have mention'd ſuch events happen'd, and under ſuch Commanders, it will paſs without undergoing a ſevere criticiſm. Whilſt General *Wolfe*, Admiral *Saunders*, *&c.* are beleaguering, and attacking Quebec ; I have likewiſe mention'd by way of epiſode, what General *Amherſt*, General *Johnſon*, *&c. &c. &c.* atchiev'd on the Continent ; tho' perhaps, ſome of it was done long before : but I ſcarce knew a place, in which I cou'd inſert it more conveniently ; and I hope the learned Chronologer will let me eſcape, without paſſing too harſh a cenſure on that paſſage. And if I ſhou'd have tranſgreſs'd the rules of narration, in a ſeries of ſuch great events, or deviated from the moſt exact niceties, which ſome people may imagine a work of this nature requires, I hope the generality of my Readers, of candour, ſenſe, and learning, will put a favourable conſtruction on it, and conſider I am but young, am no more than man ; and therefore

very

very liable to great errors; and what a vaſt undertaking, for a young man's firſt eſſay, I have now in hand.

I don't petend to be a firſt rate Poet; perhaps, may never deſerve the title of a Poet. But I am conſcious of my writing truth, (without flattery;) unadorn'd with poetic fiction, (which like a nauſeous daubing, on a beautiful face, hides the ſweet attractive ſmiles, and native ſimplicity of the features:) and I deſign'd the Poem for the honour of my King, and Country. And if I had thought my circumſtances wou'd have permitted that waſte of time, and paying for paper, and the preſs, without any thing for it, it wou'd have been printed long before it was; for I delay'd it ſome time, on account of getting ſubſcribers; and was favour'd with the approbation, and ſubſcription, of ſome hundreds in London: and here, I think myſelf, oblig'd in gratitude, to acknowledge with thanks, the good reception I have met, and the approbation I have here receiv'd, in general, from the Gentlemen of Boſton, Cambridge,

bridge, Marblehead, and the places adjacent: and from ſome of them in particular; which were ſo good to me, (a ſtranger,) as to intereſt themſelves in the affair of my printing the Book; and whoſe names, and candour, I ſhall always remember, with the gratitude, and reſpect they deſerve. And to avoid all uneceſſary ſurmiſes as to my Country, (which may ariſe, concerning ſome Paſſages in my Poem; where every Leader, and Corps, has his due; of what Country, and Party ſoever; ſo far as came to my knowledge:) and to ſilence all conjectures, what I am, or whence I came; I thought proper to inſert the following, concerning myſelf. I was born in Devonſhire; in the weſt of England; liv'd great part of my time, in Dartmouth, in Devon: from thence, came to Newfoundland: where I have liv'd ſeveral years, between the intervals of going out, and home: and from thence, came now to Boſton: thus far concerning myſelf. I hope my inſerting the Songs, in the end of the Book, will not give offence to any of my Readers. I flatter myſelf, I have avoided ribaldry, and indecency; and I hope

the

the truth of the ſubjects, will excuſe the mirth, and gaiety may be found in them: and eſpecially, as they contain an enumeration of our numerous, and unparalel'd Victories, both at ſea, and on land: and as they ſet our brave Commanders, our gallant Troops, and matchleſs Tars, in the faireſt point of view, in a ſmall compaſs: and doubtleſs, many of my Readers, will be pleas'd with a little jolity: and I think we have great Reaſon to be chearfully glad, in the great Victories we have obtain'd, over our united, and moſt inveterate Enemies. I took the firſt hint of my ſatyrical addreſs to *Lewis*, from a Gentleman of the Navy; who inſerted in a magazine, the complaint of *Lewis*, in the laſt war, for the loſs of about twelve or fourteen of his ſhips: which was in proſe, to this purport, as well as I can now remember. *Oh! Maurepas! my Glory, and Renown is gone! my Diamonds, and Rubies, are no more! Thou Ambuſcade, haſt fall'n into a ſnare! Thou Panthar, waſt worried by the Britiſh Maſtiffs! I'm no more invincible! deſerted by Mars, and Neptune! the Severn is return'd to its antient courſe! GEORGE*

has

has poſſeſſion of the Trident, and commands the Ocean! and I am ſtung to the Heart, by the Hornet! I wiſh I cou'd keep pace, in ſmooth lines, and a nervous diction, with all the heroic actions, perform'd by the matchleſs Warriors of the three Nations; whoſe circumſpection in looking out for our enemies, and conduct, and undaunted bravery, in the day of battle, no pen can flatter. But this is a thing only to be wiſh'd, and not to be perform'd, by the moſt arduous application, of the great admirer of their Deeds.

GEORGE COCKINGS.

THE

ARGUMENT

TO THE WHOLE

POEM.

OF Providence; and Britain's happy ſtate,
By Heav'n preſerv'd, from black impending fate,
This be my theme, this be my ſweet employ,
To ſing the ſtrain, with gratitude and joy!
While others, (in heroic, lofty verſe,)
Great *Fred'rick*'s name, and *Fred'rick*'s praiſe rehearſe,
Mine be the taſk, the Engliſh war to ſing,
Great-Britain's Heroes, and Great-Britain's King.
By arms, and battles, glorioufly inſpir'd,
(Replete with joy! with rapt'rous ardour fir'd!)
I trace grim death, and our triumphant Bands,
Thro' Indian, African, and Gallic lands;
Where Engliſhmen, at martial glory's call,

Throng to the war, and ſcourge the plotting Gaul;
There Caledonians, (dreadful in their arms!)
Ruſh fearleſs on, 'midſt battle's loud alarms:
Thro' ranks of bay'nets, pikes, and hoſtile flame,
They hew the glorious path, to deathleſs fame!
Hibernians brave! with emulating glow!
Charge, pierce, repel, and chace the vanquiſh'd foe!
O'er ocean's ſpace, my fancy wings its way;
Where GEORGE, the third, now rules with ſov'reign ſway:
Thro' Neptune's realm, purſues our dauntleſs tars,
'Midſt bluſt'ring ſtorms, and dreadful naval wars!
The genius of the nation, rous'd once more,
With vengeful thunder arm'd, they ſhake the Gallic ſhore!
GEORGE, WILLIAM, EDWARD, ſwell the lofty ſtrain;
GEORGE, who commands upon the azure main.
Like theſe, the lordly lions ſpeed their way;
The ſire firſt roars, then ſends his cubs to prey.
Next theſe ſtands rank'd, the ſkilful Ligonier,
In battle brave! and to his Sov'reign dear,
At Dettingen, (like Hector in the field,)
Hibernia's boaſt; Britannia's faithful ſhield;
Fierce in aſſault, (when young,) matur'd with age,

A hoary Hero ! and a warlike Sage !
Our Patriots † names, and merits, I proclaim,
To decorate the great heroic theme :
Who ſtand unſhock'd, amidſt the glorious cauſe :
The Gallic dread ! the props of Britiſh Laws.
Their ſouls, their ſentiments, and their deſires,
Incorporate, and mix, like two bright flaming fires.
Boſcawen, *Amherſt*, *Hawke*, (our Bulwark ſtrong,)
Clive, *Monckton*, *Saunders*, grace the martial ſong !
Brave *Townſhend*'s worth I ſing : who fiercely fought;
And ſeiz'd the palm, a dying victor fought !
There *Barrington*, with *Murray*, brightly ſhines ;
Marſh, *Maſon*'s, *Sayer*'s names, adorn the lines,
Holmes, *Hardy*, *Watſon*, *Pocock*, honour claim,
Who gain'd in diſtant lands immortal fame !
Baird, *Howe**, *Speke*, *Lockhart*, *Keppel*, are inroll'd,
Rivals in fame, and naval warriors bold !
All who engag'd where *Hawke* to conqueſt flew,
Are regiſter'd, with their encomiums due.
With thoſe, whoſe arms, the burniſh'd broad ſwords wield ;

† The Right Honourable *William Pitt*, Eſq; and the Right Honourable *Henry Bilſon Legge*, Eſq;

* Lord *Howe*, Capt. of his Majeſty's ſhip Magnanime.

Macpherſon, *Fraſer*, *Howe*†, the terrors of the field!
Burton, whoſe ſoul is full of active zeal!
Dalling, and *Ince*, who fought for Britain's weal.
Amherſt, and *Johnſon*, live, heroes rever'd
By Britain's ſons; to Britain's King endear'd.
Brave *Rogers*, *Forbes*, *Schomberg*, *Bradſtreet*, bold;
Are in Britannia's war-like liſt inroll'd:
With ev'ry Hero, fir'd by manly glow,
Who hurl'd our veng'ance on the cruel foe.
Theſe rang'd victorious, thro' Canadia's land,
And pluck'd the hatchet from the ſcalper's hand!
Each ſoldier ſignaliz'd, each daring tar!
(The light'nings! and the thunderbolts of war!)
Thro' glory's paths, I ardently purſue!
But only write what they alone can do.
Like radiant Sol, when at meridian height,
The Heroes blaze, with ſelf-refulgent light.
I ſing how *Wolfe*, the faithleſs foe engag'd;
(For where *Wolfe* led, the battle fiercely rag'd!)
The havoc of his war, the mould'ring walls!
Quebec's, Cape-Breton's Fate; the conquer'd Gauls!
His

† Col. *Howe*, who clear'd the path, and diſlodg'd the guards on the hill near Quebec; and when the two armies engag'd, cover'd the left flank, and rear, with his light-infantry, from all attempts made by the French, Indians, and Canadians.

His war-like deeds, no doubt, you'll all approve,
Whom vanquiſh'd foes admire! and conq'ring Britons love!
By bloody toils, He earn'd on hoſtile ground,
That honour great; with which his mem'ry's crown'd!
In Britain's cauſe, (amid the martial ſtrife,)
He fought, He conquer'd! and reſign'd his life!
So *Sampſon* flung proud Dagon's temple down,
Gain'd glorious death! and Conqueſt! and Renown!
Where Engliſh, Scotch, and bold Hibernians ſtorm,
(A formidable, triple union form!)
The threefold Pow'rs, their Gallantry diſplay,
Like Powder, Shot, and Fire, impetuous force their way!

The POEM, addreſs'd to the Patriots, and Heroes, of *Great-Britain*, *Ireland*, and *America*.

YE Patriots ſage! who plann'd the deep deſigns
Of war: 'midſt which, Britannia dreadful ſhines;
(On Whom She leans, with great exulting glow,)
Where'er you point, She ſtrikes the waſting blow!
Ye mighty warriors; terrors of the world!
By whom, at land, and ſea, our thunder's hurl'd;
To you, this book is ſent, with filial fear;
Craves ſoft'ring ſmiles; and begs paternal care.
You, who (like *David*'s worthies,) round the throne
Of mighty GEORGE, form a tremendous zone!
From you the tranſports flow! 'tis you inſpire!
As bluſt'ring winds, to flame, blow latent fire!
From you I caught the great reſiſtleſs glow!
Whilſt you dealt veng'ance on th'inſulting foe!
Whilſt you, on land, the pride of Gaul reſtrain;
Or ſweep victorious o'er the ſwelling main;
My fancy burns! tranſported with delight!
With ardour wing'd! purſues you to the fight;
Oh, prop the cauſe of honour, fame, and truth!
Cheriſh the ſallies of unripen'd youth,
Since from your deeds, the growing theme muſt riſe;
Accept the tribute due, and deign to patronize.

W A R.

Book the First.

THE

ARGUMENT.

THE Rout at *Dettingen*; the first inspiration to this Poem. The beginning of the present war; and our victories touch'd on, by way of anticipation. An invocation of *Urania*, and *Clio*. An exultation, on reflecting on the happy possession of his Majesty King GEORGE; and the prussian KING, as our ally: with the Patriots, *Pitt*, and *Legge*: with a pleasing reflection on GEORGE the 3d, crown'd with conquests, and surrounded by terrene, and naval Heroes. The French attacking *Portmahon*, and their threatning to invade *England*; with the terror, and confusion, which that caused. *Pitt*, rising like the Sun, from behind a thunder-cloud, to make Britannia smile, and putting his war-like schemes into execution. *Great-Britain* rousing to war; (after the loss of *Minorca,)* like a Lion rousing from his den, who sees his cub sprawling among the Dogs. The de-

ſcents at *Guadaloup*, *Goree*, and *Senegol*; *Granada*, St. *Martin*'s, *Marigalante*, *Surat*, *Chandernagore*, and *Calcutta*. The atchievements of Britannia's worthies on the Continent. The deſcent at St. *Maloes*. The ſtorm our navy ſuffer'd in off *Louisbourg*: and their return to *England*. The armament the following ſpring, under Admiral *Boſcawen*, and Admiral *Hardy*; and General *Amherſt*, and General *Wolfe*. The landing at *Louisbourg* deſcrib'd, with the death of Capt. *Bailly*, and Lieut. *Cuthbert*: The martial rage of the Scotchmen, who with *Scott*, *Gorham*, the Rangers, and England's Troops, ruſh'd on to the battle. The rout, & confuſion, before the Generals *Amherſt*, and *Wolfe*. The batteries rais'd, with the bombardment, and cannonading; General *Amherſt*, playing on the town, and grand fort. General *Wolfe*'s, taking poſſeſſion of the light-houſe battery; and his battery againſt the iſland-fort. The french man of war burnt in the harbour; and the bienfaicant tow'd off by our tars. The united attack, of General *Amherſt*, and General *Wolfe*, againſt the town, and grand fort. The havock of their war; and ſurrender of the fort. Reflections on Ulyſſes, and Diomedes, going into the grecian camp, and the reſemblance the Generals *Amherſt*, and *Wolfe*, bore to them, in their expedition.

THE

THE
INTRODUCTION.

WHEN I at firſt, poetic ardour knew,
And big with martial themes, my Boſom grew;
From pregnant fancy, fir'd by war-like worth,
My riſing thoughts, prepar'd to ſally forth:
In years a child, in litt'rature more young,
With ſecret tranſport, on the theme I hung:
I heard much talk, of Dettingen's fam'd fight,
Where *Lewis* bow'd, beneath the Lion's might.
Grown more mature, (a manly age attain'd,)
The ſtrong impreſſions on my mind remain'd.
I wiſh'd a day, like that, to grace my pen,
When GEORGE, the ſecond, fought at Dettingen;
Whoſe preſence baniſh'd all deſponding dread,
And thro' the ranks, an emulation ſpread:
Whilſt brave Auguſtus, from his royal Sire,
Caught the great flame, and burn'd with martial fire.
Methought, I trod the glorious ſanguin'd way;
When Cumberland pierc'd thro' the French array!
Sometimes,

Sometimes, I view'd intrepid *Ligonier !*
Plunging thro' deaths ! and void of grov'ling fear !
GEORGE ſtood like Jove, amid a thunder-ſtorm ;
Like bolts, and light'nings, theſe, the gallic ranks deform.
The triumphs, and the terrors of the fight,
Roſe to my view, and play'd acroſs my ſight:
Quick thro' the chace, my flying fancy ſped,
When gens d'armes, and main corps in pannic fled:
Headlong they drove, afraid to ſtop for breath ;
Ruſh'd thro' the Rhine, and plung'd to watry death !
Colours deſerted, 'mongſt the wounded lie ;
And gallic ſtandards, wear a purple dye :
Guns, pikes, ſpontoons, in wild diſorder ſpread,
Promiſcuous lie, among the num'rous dead :
Drums, horſes, chiefs, riv'd helms, and ſpouting brains ;
Breaſtplates, and loathſome carnage loads the plains:
So the fam'd field of Dettingen appear'd,
With gallic troops beſtrew'd, with gallic blood beſmear'd.
Juſt as I reach'd the years to mark me man,
The preſent war, to burn a-freſh began ;
Deſign'd, no doubt, by ſtrong reſiſtleſs Fate,
To fling proud Gallia from her high eſtate.

When

When *Wolfe*, and *Amherſt*, with Britannia's hoſt,
Deſcended on Cape-Breton's hoſtile coaſt;
Now firſt my heart conceiv'd the great deſign,
Whilſt theſe two Heroes mightily combine,
To ſink, or burn the fleet, and raze the walls
Of Louiſbourg, with Britain's bombs and balls:
When Maloe's fleets, in Engliſh flames expir'd;
The burning news, my teeming fancy fir'd:
I trac'd prince EDWARD, cloſe to Cherburg's wall,
And ſaw the pride of France before him fall:
My raptur'd boſom, big with pleaſure grew;
When *Boſcawen* oppos'd, and beat *DeClue*:
Who ſhrank, o'er-pow'r'd, from his impetuous fire,
And left his Ocean * in the flames t'expire.
But oh! who can the wond'rous glow diſcloſe?
When *Hawke*, (by tars eſteem'd,) beat Britain's foes?
Whilſt he with rapid flight to conqueſt flew,
Conflans transfix'd, devoid of courage grew;
He led the van, the rear, and center run;
And England's fire devour'd the Royal Sun †!
As in his heart, who claſps his darling Fair,

The

* Monſ. *DeClue*, commanded the ſhip Ocean.

† Le Soleil Royal. The ſhip Monſ. Conflans commanded. In Engliſh, the Royal Sun.

The mighty tranſports flow, beyond compare!
(Torrents of joy! within his boſom rowl;
And pleaſure fills his captivated ſoul!)
My joys ruſh'd in, like a tumultous flood;
The pond'rous pleaſure trill'd along my blood:
When certain news arriv'd to glad our land,
(Which ſhall unparalel'd for ages ſtand,)
Our troops had giv'n the num'rous Gauls a check,
And *Townſhend* had poſſeſſion of Quebec;
Like rocks, amid the fight, our warriors ſtood;
Death conquer'd *Wolfe:* but *Wolfe*, Quebec ſubdu'd.
All theſe events, and more, my breaſt inſpir'd;
By warmth, unknown before, my ſoul was fir'd,
To ſing th' exploits Britannia's ſons have done,
What wonders they've perform'd, what mighty battles won.
Can I, whilſt they, victorious onward roll,
In nervous thund'ring diction, trace the whole?
Who can the wond'rous worthy taſk perform?
Speak as they fight, or write as when they ſtorm?
The taſk, the toils of Hercules exceeds;
Phæton as well, might drive Apollo's ſteeds:
Now for old *Homer*'s flight, and *Homer*'s fire;
Come *Homer*'s ſoul, and all my ſoul inſpire:
Thy ſtrong conceptions, with my fancy blend,

Like

Like thine, the taſk is war ! like thine, the theme
muſt end !
Oh ! might a portion now, of *Whitehead*'s ſkill !
Or *Maſon*'s fire, my glowing boſom fill :
Might *Johnſon*'s genius, in my ſoul preſide,
Direct, ſuggeſt, and my invention guide :
The ſlacken'd reins, to fancy's flight I'd give,
And in immortal lines, each Hero's name ſhould
live !
But Fate denies, what reaſon bids me aſk ;
Youth immatur'd, muſt grapple with the taſk :
A pond'rous taſk, but 'tis a glorious aim ;
My fancy's fir'd, amid the warlike theme.
And as the clangor of the trumpet's ſound,
Makes the fierce horſe with fury paw the ground ;
A gen'rous ardour, trills along his veins ;
To glory's goal, he ſcours the ſanguin'd plains :
So I, well pleas'd, fair honour's call obey,
Sing Britain's triumph, and the Gaul's diſmay.
Clio ! Urania ! guide me thro' the whole ;
And with cœleſtial ardour fill my ſoul :
In nervous diction, teach my tongue to ſing,
Great GEORGE, victorious, Britain's much lov'd
King.
To tell how EDWARD, BRUNSWICK's Grandſon,
fought ;

And

And *Howe*, and *Marlb'rough*, Britain's vengeance brought
Round Maloe's walls, mute guns, and troops in fright;
Whilſt fleets aſcend in air, 'midſt blazing night!
Set *Wolfe*, *Hawke*, *Amherſt*, *Boſcawen*, to view;
Speak all their worth, and give them honour due:
With *Schomberg*, *Rogers*, *Johnſon*, greatly fam'd,
Let *Monckton*, *Townſhend*, *Keppel*, *Clive*, be nam'd.
To Indian climes, conduct my fancy far,
To trace the ſons of Scotland through the war:
Diſplay the proweſs of that martial race;
And in true light their, matchleſs valour place.
Bring ev'ry Britiſh Hero on the ſtage,
By patriot ardour fir'd, and manly rage,
Who dar'd in Britain's cauſe, againſt the foe t'engage.
Rouze me to trace 'm thro' each fierce alarm!
With martial ſentiments, my boſom warm;
Teach me to ſing, their dread voracious frowns,
In flaming death! thro' gallic troops, and towns!
Oh! give me ardour! ſuch as well may fit
The fortitude, and eloquence of *Pitt*;
His name, a place, moſt worthily may claim,
To agrandize the pleaſing warlike theme;

That

That *Pitt!* which gallic lines cou'd never found!
Greatly capacious! wond'rously profound!
Where *Lewis*, and his politicks are drown'd!
There all his treasures of the torrid Zone,
With northern furs, forts, settlements are thrown:
There sunk Quebec, to grand destruction down.
A vast exulting glow my bosom warms!
For Heav'n, propitious, prospers Britain's arms!
And mighty *Fred'rick*'s name, the quadrate league alarms!
George fills the throne, and governs well these lands;
Next him, with manly soul, great *Pitt* commands;
And on a Legge well fix'd, most firmly stands!
So many, giant-like, of late have rose,
And dealt with patriot zeal, 'gainst Gaul their blows;
Have acted like the Hand of mighty Fate,
To prop the throne, and save the British state!
As stands the man, o'erwhelm'd with dazzling light,
The oculist hath just restor'd to sight:
Around he looks, absorb'd in dear amaze!
And new born bliss, midst bright Apollo's blaze!
With glorious transports! wonders he surveys,
His Maker's hand, Omnipotent, displays!

So

So view I Royal GEORGE, with conqueſt crown'd,
Whilſt throngs of Heroes brave! his throne ſurround,
In pleaſing joy! and grand reflection drown'd!
Homer, his great Achilles much extoll'd,
And in the liſt of fame, a few inroll'd;
Expreſs'd a grand luxuriance of thought,
When he each Hero into action brought;
And with heroic ſkill, the great narration wrought.
But had he liv'd in GEORGE the ſecond's days,
A deathleſs monument of fame to raiſe
For ev'ry Hero, we in Britain find,
The taſk would grow too great for *Homer*'s mind.
All, cannot with diſtinguiſh'd merit ſhine,
Cohorts muſt throng, in one great pleaſing line;
And fleets, in compaſs of a ſingle page,
Attack, repel, and quell the hoſtile rage.

WAR:

An HEROIC

POEM.

WHEN first, th' unwelcome news to us was known,
The gallic thunder fell on Portmahon;
As mourns the mother (fond,) her offspring's cries,
Who craves her aid, when threat'ning dangers rise,
So mourn'd each Briton true, Minorca's fate,
Approaching near, and imminently great!
At length, the thund'ring news reach'd Britain's coast,
Our squadron fled, and Portmahon was lost!
Reports came thick, the French prepar'd to land,
And ravage England, with a mighty hand;
Their threat'ning troops, to fancy, strong appear'd,
And sighs, and pray'rs, and sad portents were heard.

Gallia, with conqueſt fluſh'd; pronounc'd our doom,
And England ſeem'd involv'd in horrid gloom.
(As children, with a bugbear tale are ſcar'd,
So we, of fleets, and troops, affrighted heard.)
E'en like the ſun, forth burſting from a cloud,
(With light'ning ſtor'd, and ſtormy tempeſt loud;)
To glad the traveller in lonely ways,
And ſhed around, his ſweet, all-cheering blaze,
Now *Pitt* aroſe, to glad our mournful Iſle,
Diſpell'd the gloom, and made Britannia ſmile!
The ſcandal of the nation ſoon was raz'd,
Th' inſulting foe retir'd, transfix'd! amaz'd!
Before his eloquence, fraud fled diſmay'd,
(Pale envy, on its rancrous vitals prey'd;)
He plann'd the war; and practis'd martial ſchemes,
And waken'd *Lewis* from his conq'ring dreams!

Now, like a Lion, rouſing from his den,
(To meet the dogs, and animating men;)
Who ſees his cub, lie ſprawling on the ground,
Whom hungry dogs, moſt greedily ſurround:
He ſhakes his mane, and from his wrathful eyes,
Indignant fire, in dreadful glances flies:

Horrid

Horrid he roars! and ſwings his mighty tail,
For grand revenge, prepares both tooth and nail:
Foaming, he views the lacerated ſpoil;
(Hunters, and dogs, and horſes, back recoil!)
So England rous'd, on fell revenge inclin'd,
'Gainſt Maloes, Cherburg, Louiſbourg, deſign'd;
One fierce deſign, each Briton ſeems to fire;
All ruſh to arms, and burn with wrathful ire.
Now, o'er the main, our fleets aſſert our right,
Round Britain's ſtandard, with a ſtern delight,
Troops throng on troops, and wiſh the rumor'd fight!
With free-born rage, all animated ſtand,
At danger ſpurn, and dare the foe to land:
Wives, children, laws, and liberty's ſweet charms,
With threefold ardour, ev'ry boſom warms!

Now *Watſon*, *Sayer*, *Barrington* aroſe,
Roar'd in the ſtorm, and cruſh'd Britannia's foes!
Clive, *Marſh*, and *Maſon*, *Draper*, *Keppel*, *Moore*,
To Africa, and India, veng'ance bore;
And with reſiſtleſs fury, forc'd their way,
Made nations bend, and own great GEORGE's ſway:

Reliev'd Madraſs, repair'd its batter'd wall;
Triumphant ſeiz'd on ſwarthy Senegal:
Their cannon ſhook devoted hoſtile ground,
And ſcatter'd death's, 'mongſt faithleſs tribes around:
They ſtood transfix'd! their vital blood ran cold!
Whilſt England's ſtorms, o'er towns and ramparts roll'd!
Houſes, and walls, from their foundations ſtray'd,
And pil'd in ſmoaking waſte, o'erwhelm'd the blaſted dead!

Granada now, St. Martin's, Guadaloup,
Beneath Britannia's might, ſubmiſſive ſtoop!
Marigalante, Surat, Chandernagore,
Calcutta trembled, whilſt *Clive*'s Thunders roar!
**Clive!* by whoſe might, Chandernagore* was raz'd.
Before whom twice, the Nabob fled* amaz'd!
Clive! whoſe impetuous war, bore down his foes!
Clive! who made Nabobs*! Nabobs* cou'd depoſe!

This

***** Calcutta, and Chandernagore, were taken by Gen. *Clive*, the Nabob was twice defeated by him; and Jaffier Ali Cawn made Nabob. The people in that country, gave him a name, which in their language ſignifies, *The never to be conquer'd.*

This adds a luſtre to great BRUNSWICK's throne,
His gen'ral† does, what conq'ring Rome has done.
Victorious oft, for battle greatly fam'd;
By Africans, The never* to be conquer'd nam'd.
Tho' with more ſhips, by thouſands better mann'd,
(Enough to make pale fear itſelf to ſtand;)
Thrice fled *D'Ache*, when dreaded *Pocock* came,
'Midſt Engliſh Tars, and ſheets of Britiſh Flame!

Now Engliſh Worthies, on the Continent,
Made Indian-French, and Savages repent
Their cruel, black, infernal ſcalping rage,
Not daring with our free-born Troops t'engage;
They fought in fear, or fled in foul diſgrace,
As tim'rous deers, when angry Lions chace.

Not ſatiate ſo, on ampler veng'ance bent,
Againſt Cape-Breton, England's Fleet is ſent.
Behold, they come! off Louiſbourg appear;
Their coming ſtrikes with an amazing fear!

† The Romans would often depoſe one King, and raiſe another; General *Clive* depos'd the Nabob, and rais'd another to that dignity.

Pale tremor fills French forts, and troops, and towns,
And fcalping crews, for angry Britain frowns:
And like Briareus*, with an hundred hands,
She feiz'd on African, and Indian Lands,
And pour'd around her brave victorious bands.
Onward they roll'd, like an o'erwhelming flood;
And delug'd gallic lands, in gallic blood.

The french invafion now, was fear'd no more,
Our Troops prepar'd to tread the gallic fhore;
On ev'ry fide, their angry blows they dealt,
St. Maloes firft, their vengeful fury felt.
(The french flat bottom'd policy repaid,
Whilft Maloe's forts, were mightily difmay'd.)
There before Britain's Troops, by *Marlb'rough* led,
On friendly ground, the tim'rous Frenchmen fled;
Whilft under covert of St Maloes wall,
Whole Fleets of Ships an eafy conqueft fall:
Six fcores their number, (needlefs are their names,)
A prey, to Britain's dread voracious flames!

As

* A hundred handed giant, as the poets fay.

As from on high, the tow'ring eagles ken
The ſerpent's brood, before the female's den;
Downward they ſouſe, and ſeize the ſcaly prey,
In griping talons, ſafely born away.
(They mock the mother's hiſs with gen'rous ſcorn,
Aloft, in air, the venom'd brood is born;)
So *Howe*, and *Marlb'rough*, jointly ſped their way,
And boldly ſeiz'd upon the gallic prey:
Greatly reſolv'd, the neighb'ring Forts they dare,
Whilſt hoſtile wealth evaporates in air.

AS daring Louiſbourg, our Navy lay,
Stretch'd off, and on, upon the ſwelling ſea;
It pleas'd the hand of Heav'n to interpoſe,
And ſend on Britain's Fleet its ſtormy woes;
'Cauſe Louiſbourg, as yet, not ripe for fate,
Muſt be preſerved to a longer date.
A heavy gale at firſt, the Fleet divides,
The rolling waves, daſh'd hard againſt their ſides;
A tempeſt next, with fury uncontroul'd,
High o'er their decks, the ſurging billows roll'd.

The foaming Ocean, madly round 'em rag'd:
A hurricane, the Britiſh Fleet engag'd.
Each ſhip was now in danger to be loſt,
The ſtorm urg'd hard, upon the hoſtile coaſt;
Still grew more ſtrong, and louder than before,
And forc'd our Fleet upon the gallic ſhore.
No longer now, they cou'd the fury brave
Of wind, and ev'ry pond'rous daſhing wave;
Towards the ſhore, in grand confuſion ride;
Born on the back of the tumultous tide.
As vapours vaniſh in the ſpacious air,
The angry winds, the ſpreading Canvaſs tear;
Halliards, and Stays, give way, like burning tow;
Yards, Topmaſts, Blocks, a pond'rous burden grow;
With craſhing noiſe, come tumbling down below!
Wave, after wave, rolls o'er the Quarter-deck,
Sweeps fore and aft, and threats each Ship with wreck:
Amid the waves they plunge! again they riſe
On watry hills, and ſeem to greet the Skies.
High o'er the windward ſide, proud billows come,
To leeward roll, in froth, and briny foam.

Each

Each tumbling Ship, now ſallies as ſhe glides,
And in the Ocean dips her loſty ſides.
Lan-yards, main ſhrouds, and chain-plates go to wreck,
The lower maſts, are ſhorten'd to the deck:
And from their breechings, heavy cannons break.
To ſtop the guns, hammocks, are quickly flung,
And now, the heavy unſtay'd boltſprit's ſprung.
A damp, now chills the boldeſt Sea-man's ſoul,
As they drive on, and in the tempeſt roll..
The danger now, ſeems greater than before,
For juſt a-lee, behold the gallic ſhore!
Captains, Lieutenants, Boatſwains, vainly rave,
In vain, the hardy Tars, the tempeſt brave;
The Ship's impell'd by each impetuous wave!
Amid the tempeſt, human ſpeech is drown'd,
From ſtem, to ſtern, nought but confuſion's found!
Whilſt ſome, (perhaps) are floating on the ſea,
Waſh'd from the decks, or blown with yards away.
Anchors, are now the only hope that's found,
Yet oft they furrow up the faithleſs ground.
The Tilbury, no longer can ſuſtain
The rough aſſault of the tempeſtous main:

Her

Her cables parts, (whilſt angry tempeſts roar,)
And like a horſe unbridled, leaps on ſhore;
There ſoon became, a diſmal ſhatter'd wreck,
(The maſſy beams, and ſolid timbers break;
Bolts, trunnels, ſtaples, knees, and all give way,
The floating ruin ſpreads the ſurging ſea:)
High o'er the ſhip, the foaming tempeſt laves,
And Britiſh Sea-men ſink in wat'ry graves:
Powder deſign'd in Thunder to diſplode,
Sinks down, oppreſs'd, with an aquatic load,
Is now expended on the gallic ſhore,
In other noiſe, than when loud cannons roar.
Indulgent Heav'n at length, the ſtorm appeas'd,
Of all their fears, the ſcatter'd Squadron eas'd:
The foaming ſurges wear a ſmoother form,
GOD nodded peace: and ſilent grew the ſtorm.
Half wreck'd! diſmaſted! in a diſmal ſort;
Our fleet ſoon anchor'd in a friendly port;
From whence to England, back again they plough,
And Britons mourn'd the ſtormy overthrow.

STILL,

STILL, like a loaded thunder-cloud, from far,
Great-Britain growl'd revenge, and flaming war.

England, ſtills ruminates, to Gallia's dread,
On veng'ance ſtern, and ruin widely ſpread.
Minorca's fall, for great repriſals cries;
She views Cape-Breton with revengeful eyes.
At length, the wiſh'd for ſpring once more appear'd,
And *Boſcawen*, the Britiſh Banners rear'd:
The glad'ning news, with pleaſure fill'd each mind,
Great GEORGE, a ſecond northern war deſign'd.
Engliſh, Hibernians, Scotchmen, now are ſhipt,
With all Accoutrements for War equipt;
With brazen mortars whence the bombs are flung,
And congregating Fleets together throng:
The pond'rous batt'ring guns are put on board,
With barr'd, and round ſhot, Ships are largely ſtor'd:
With bombs, tents, horſes, (fit to draw the car,)
And all the Apparatus of the War;
With loads of ſooty grain, to fling the bombs from far.
Our Fleets refitted, o'er the billows ride;
(The dread of France, and Britain's naval pride.)

Widely

Widely they ſpread, upon the ſwelling Sea,
And thro' the weſtern Ocean ſpeed their way;
The dreadful pomp, of threat'ning War diſplay.
Heav'n ſmil'd th' aſſent, and back they ne'er return'd,
Till Louiſbourg, in flaming ruin mourn'd.
Behold they come, with friendly Squadrons meet,
Retard, and intercept the gallic Fleet:
Boldly they ſtretch along the hoſtile coaſt,
Not long, e'er *Lewis* mourns this Iſland loſt.
A Council's call'd, where meaſures they propoſe,
Where beſt to land, where moſt annoy the foes;
Brave *Boſcawen*, (like Ithaca's* ſage King,)
The Hinge, on whom, the grand deſign muſt ſwing,
Wiſely foreſaw, (and ponder'd in his mind,)
Unleſs our Troops, unanimous combin'd,
The whole deſign, might ſoon abortive prove,
As that, where Moab†, Seir†, and Ammon† ſtrove.
Firſt

* *Ulyſſes*, King of Ithaca, was a grecian King and Warrior, at the ſiege of Troy, and much renown'd for his ſagacity, and ſkill in carrying on a warlike Scheme.

††† 'Tis ſaid in Scripture, when the children of Moab, Ammon, and Mount Seir, came againſt Iſrael, a diſſention aroſe among the Troops, they drew their ſwords, attack'd, and deſtroy'd one another; and by that means, defeated their own deſigns againſt the coaſts of Iſrael.

First discontent, next martial anger burn'd,
Each drew his sword, against his Ally turn'd;
England too oft, the like mishap hath mourn'd!
But *Boscawen*, of large and gen'rous Soul;
So well projected, and contriv'd the whole,
That English, Scotchmen, and Hibernians bear
Of Fame, and Danger both, an equal share,
Now all prepar'd, (the landing-place in view,)
For several days, a blust'ring tempest blew:
Which for that space, the bold attempt retards;
But Providence, the British Frigates guards;
For tho' they rode full near Cape-Breton's shore,
And gallic Cannon, with incessant roar,
And tho' brisk fire from mortars was maintain'd,
Small was the loss, or damage they sustain'd.

Again, the wind, and waters, ceas'd to rage,
And now, the Fleet, and Troops, prepare t' engage;
Now line of battle Ships approach the shore,
And nearer still, the lesser Frigates roar:
Against th' opposing foes, a dreadful bar;
Whilst transports quick, refund the living war.
Tumult!

Tumult! and noiſe! and ſlaughter! ſoon enſu'd;
And Men, and Boats, are daſh'd upon the flood.
Cannons inceſſant roar, and bullets rend,
Down thro' the air, the countleſs bombs deſcend:
And ſulph'rous flames, and clouds of ſmoke ariſe,
Whilſt from French Guns, the leaden bullet flies.
Mean while, our Frigates, Cannons, Mortars ply;
And bombs, and balls, in deadly volleys fly.
Amherſt, and *Wolfe*, proceed, ſerene, ſedate,
As if themſelves had turn'd the hinge of Fate:
By them inſpir'd, our Infantry ſoon grew
With ardour warm, and to the battle flew:
Bore all before 'em, like the ſwelling main,
The Fench could not their mighty charge ſuſtain.
Expanding ſheets of vapours cloud the day,
Whilſt boats to land (with ſpeed,) purſue their way.
See! ſee! the crimſon blood, brave *Bailly*† ſtains;
The (glancing) leaden death, hath pierc'd his brains!
The manly *Cuthbert*'s† merit well is known,
Who fondly cry'd, my *Bailly* dear! you're gone!
Oh!

†† Capt. *Bailly*, and Lieut. *Cuthbert*, belong'd to one company of Highlanders; and were kill'd going on ſhore, one by a muſket ſhot, and the other by a cannon ball.

Oh! sad! there stopp'd the amicable breath;
Brave *Cuthbert* felt the dashing iron death:
The fatal bullet, through his Body came;
And drown'd in blood, the glowing friendly flame.
From Scotish Warriors, tears of anger flow;
Their bosoms glow'd with pond'rous martial woe;
For *Cuthbert* oft, and *Bailly*, brav'd the foe.
Both, oft were seen in battles to engage;
Oft fac'd grim death, when cloath'd in gallic Rage.
Ill fated Warriors! thus to fall before
Your luckless Boat, had reach'd the destin'd shore.
Oh! that you'd liv'd to tread the hostile ground,
And help'd to deal the glitt'ring veng'ance round.
Small cause shall Frenchmen have, your deaths to boast,
When once your Troops, shall firmly tread their coast;
With angry Courage fir'd, and gen'rous Wrath,
They'll glut the Grave, and satiate greedy death.

As when the thunder of the mighty JOVE,
Breaks from th' olympyan battlements above;

The

The loud Artill'ry, in a dreadful form,
Comes rolling on, amid a pitchy ſtorm;
The direful fragors, of th'Æthereal Store,
Rattle aloft, with dread, terrific roar:
Light'nings, and bolts, before the growl proceed,
To ſtrike the deſtin'd mark, with rapid fury ſpeed.
So under covert of ſulphureous ſmoke,
Which from the Britiſh Fleet in Thunder broke;
Firſt flew the bolts, t'intimidate the Gauls,
To daſh the mud banks, or cemented walls.
Next, Scotia's Troops to battle ſally'd forth,
And Louiſbourg confeſs'd their northern worth;
From clouds of ſmoke they burſt, like Light'ning's Blaze,
And ſtruck th' oppoſing foe with grand amaze!
Few deaths they ſent, of iron, or of lead,
Fut o'er the hoſtile lines, they boldly tread;
And as they march, they death, and danger ſpread.
To cloſeſt fight, their Cohort quickly . ns,
And ſcorns to battle with the diſtant g ns:
They ſtrike the blow, which ſtops the hoſtile breath,
And load the foe, with ſtorms of ſteely death!

See

See! where the Sons of Scotland force their way,
With Rangers join'd, in dreadful diſarray!
Suſtain'd by Infantry, array'd in order ſtrong;
Amherſt, and *Wolfe*, who urg'd the landing war along:
They fire, advance, and charge, and to the battle throng.
And Comet-like, their broad bright Swords appear,
Death's in their front, and terror in their rear!
Fierce to the fight, intrepid *Gorham* flies:
And all the terrors of the war defies.
Scott, and the Rangers, and the Scotchmen glow,
And ſpeed towards the ſtrong, entrenched foe.
(As fierce *Achilles*, (thunderbolt of war,)
Broke trojan ranks in his reſiſtleſs carr;
On ruſh'd his myrmidons, with Faulchions rear'd,
Of troops thick throng'd, the ground was quickly clear'd.
So before *Wolfe*, and *Amherſt*, Frenchmen fled,
(Their troops advancing, ſtruck a mortal dread;)
The tim'rous living, ſtumbled o'er the dead!)
From flank, to flank, the glitt'ring danger ſhines,
And war's dread havoc, marks their ſpreading lines:

They wave their Swords, anticipate the fight.
And ſtrong reblaze the giltt'ring rays of light:
From Man, to Man, they catch the gen'rous glow;
A ſtupid Langour ſeizes on the Foe:
They ſtand amaz'd! the burniſh'd ruin dread!
Thro' Gallia's Troops, a pannic terror ſpread;
As when amid the gloom of darkeſt night,
The tranſient glances of tartarean light,
Attack a lonely perſon with ſurprize!
And fancy'd Fiends, in millions, round him riſe;
Mutely transfix'd, all reſolution ſleeps,
A chilly damp, thro' all his vitals creeps;
A ſweating tremor ſhakes him to the ground,
Amid the tumult, all reflection's drown'd.
So as their lines the Caledonians croſs'd,
The Frenchmen quick, reſiſting ardour loſt:
No longer felt the great-heroic glow,
Such as the three united nations know:
Beneath their pond'rous blows, the french Troops reel,
Depreſs'd, and drown'd, 'midſt ſhow'rs of northern ſteel.
Our Troops (reſolv'd,) no dangers cou'd controul,
Tho' high on ſhore, the foaming billows roll:

Tho'

Tho' thouſands there, (entrench'd,) the Beach command;
And guns, and mortars, throng'd the hoſtile ſtrand:
Headed by *Wolfe*, they plunge into the flood,
And wade to Louiſbourg, thro' gallic Blood.

With circumſpection now, the ground's ſurvey'd,
From whence Artilleries may beſt be play'd;
And heavy batt'ring guns are dragg'd around,
Advancing Engineers work under ground:
Large, and ſmall Batt'ries, (cover'd from the ſight,)
Are plann'd, and form'd, midſt ſilence of the night.
The platforms next, (with utmoſt ſpeed) they form,
From whence to roll Great-Britain's Thunder ſtorm;
Incentive match, and bombs, are thither brought,
And Magazines, with dormant Thunder fraught;
Till wak'd by Fire, then daſhing bolts are thrown,
To raze the walls of thick cemented ſtone:
Mortars are plac'd, from whoſe infernal wombs,
Ejecting Powder, ſends the murd'ring Bombs.

Now ev'ry thing, againſt the hour prepar'd,
The maſks are dropp'd, the Britiſh greeting's heard:

Towards the Ramparts, Infantries advance,
Defiance thunders from the Forts of France:
The loud explosion rages more and more,
Deep throated guns, and brazen mortars roar:
In undulating air, long hangs the sound,
And flame, and sulph'rous vapours spread around.
As from Mount Etna, and Vesuvius rise,
Thunders, and flames, whilst vapours cloud the skies:
Like these vulcanoes, in convulsive rage,
The British Troops, and gallic Forts engage.
Advancing Corps of Infantries gain ground,
The cohorn, fascine batt'ries play around.
Wolfe, well deserves his dread voracious Name,
Spreads ruin round, or wide devouring flame!
Around the Town He roams, conceal'd in night;
Intent on gallic Prey, maintains the fight:
The silenc'd light-house Batt'ry, owns his might.
Soon grows more dreadful than it was before;
Inspir'd by *Wolfe*, and British Troops to roar.
Wolfe, on the island Fort, his Battle pours;
Incessant, sends, his thund'ring, iron show'rs;

Whilst

Whilſt *Amherſt*, on the town, and grand Fort plays;
(On gallic Troops, deſponding terrors ſeize!)
Againſt the iſland Fort, *Wolfe*'s boſom burns;
His rapid Storm, their Thunder overturns:
Daſh'd by his balls, obſtructing Ramparts drop;
They even plough the deep foundations up.
Before his battle, adverſe ſtrength is born:
Riv'd muzzles are from batter'd breeches torn.
His fierce aſſault, the hoſtile Platform feels,
Beſtrew'd with uſeleſs guns, and broken wheels.
The mould'ring breaches, wide, and wider ſpread;
(Rammers, and ſponges, lie among the dead:)
Deſcending bombs, moſt dreadfully diſplode;
With ruin'd walls, the ſhiver'd platforms load:
The Fort's Defendants, now for ſhelter fly,
For undiſtinguiſh'd, lo, the Ramparts lie:
Subverted guns, with wheels aloft diſplay'd,
Among the piles of rubbiſh, too are laid;
And dreadful devaſtation widely ſpread!
Diſploded ſhells, and ſhot, together throng;
And mortars, from their brazen baſes flung.
A proſpect odd, of iron, braſs, and lead:
Of ſtones, and mangled Bodies of the dead.

Fathers, to future Sons, ſhall this report;
So, fought brave *Wolfe*; ſo look'd the iſland Fort.

By *Hardy*, and brave *Boſcawen*, inſpir'd,
See! Britiſh Tars, to deeds of wonder fir'd!
They leave their lofty ſhips upon the ſea;
Deſtin'd for Louiſbourg, they ſpeed their way,
As hungry Wolves, will nightly roam for prey.
Balfour,* and *Loſorney*; two fearleſs Tars,
With mighty ſouls, (well form'd for naval Wars;)
Thro' nameleſs terrors, unconcern'd they row,
And in tremendous ſhade attack the foe.
No whit diſmay'd, thro' dangers on they came:
'Midſt gloom, and ſhot, and ſhells, and ſulph'rous flame:
Towards the gallic thunder ſtorms they bend;
With ſpeed alert, their lofty ſides aſcend;
And from the Engineers, the daſhing bolts they rend.

Deſcending

* The Captains, *Laſorney*, and *Balfour*, commanded the Boats which burnt one Man of War, and tow'd the other out of the Harbour of Louiſbourg, in ſpight of all the Fire from the Batteries.

Deſcending Frenchmen, ſoon their quarters leave,
The Cutlaſs, and the naval Pole-ax, cleave;
Not one ſurvives, to wail the hundreds dead;
But carnage great, and total death is ſpread.
Prudent, in Britiſh flame, moſt fiercely glow'd:
But Bienfaicant, they from the harbour tow'd.
So hungry Wolves, attack the tim'rous Sheep,
In lonely cots, and o'er the fences leap;
Eager they ſeize, upon the fleecy Prey;
Tear! kill! and drag, whate'er they pleaſe away.

Againſt their Fleet, *Wolfe* ardent Balls ejects,
Or drops his bombs, upon their open decks:
They ſink, or vaniſh, in a ſulph'rous blaze;
And with new horrors Louiſbourg amaze.
As from the bellowing Engine of the Skies,
The Thunderbolt, and riving Light'ning flies;
They rend the knotty oaks, and tear the ground,
And ſpread a deſolating Ruin round:
So *Wolfe*, and *Amherſt*, emulous advance,
To waſte the Troops, and raze the Forts of France!

Amherſt, ſends various deaths among the foe;
The Troops, and Tars, with gen'rous courage glow;
The Town, and grand Fort, little reſpite know.
See! *Wolfe*, inſpires, and ſpurs his martial pow'rs;
With roar deſtructive, Louiſbourg devours.
Wolfe, prowls by night, with caution to ſurvey,
How batt'ring Guns, and Britiſh Mortars play;
Oft looks on Louiſbourg, with threat'ning frown,
And ſhow'rs his ſhot, and ſhells, upon the Town.
Amherſt, and *Wolfe*, full forty days aſſail
The Town, and Forts, reſolved to prevail.
As oft are known, the Meteors of the Sky,
With burning tails, deſcending from on high,
To daſh thro' houſes, with amazing force,
And rive, and kill, in their impetuous courſe:
As they diſplode, with dreadful thund'ring ſound,
And tear, and furrow up, the neighb'ring ground;
Their tow'ring bombs, deſcending from on high,
With dread commiſſion, to the town they fly;
The craſhing roofs give way; they daſh to ground;
Diſplode, and ſcatter duſt, and deaths around;

Spread

Spread devaſtation wide, through all the place;
And lofty Domes, to deep foundations raze:
So flaming Louiſbourg, their fury feels;
From Engliſh Bombs, proceed thoſe various ills.
Men, Women, Children, welter in their gore;
Shrieks, Groans, and Flames, Mortars, and Cannons roar,
With dread Confuſion, fill the gallic Shore!
Dracour, no longer, can the fight maintain;
Tho' greatly brave; yet here, his brav'ry's vain;
Tho' wond'rous ſtrong the place, it cannot ſhield
His Troops from death; behold, the Ramparts yield;
For *Wolfe*, and *Amherſt*, with a thund'ring frown,
Shake the grand Fort, and fire the neighb'ring Town.
Aloft, great GEORGE's Banners were uprear'd;
Brave *Boſcawen*, into the Harbour ſteer'd.
The dreadful Scene is chang'd, they hear no more,
The dying groans, nor Guns, nor Mortars roar,
And ſlaughter, ceaſes, on the gallic ſhore.
The Britiſh Cannon roar'd, in harmleſs ſort,
When Louiſbourg became a friendly Port.

Heav'n,

Heav'n, hear my Pray'r; preſerve it as our own;
Till gallic Foes, our faithful Friends are grown.
AMEN.

WHEN *Neſtor*, (ſagely,) on the phrygian ſhore,
Advis'd ſome * ſpies, ſhou'd *Hector*'s camp explore,
The ſage *Ulyſſes*, and fierce *Diomed*,
Thro' trojan guards, and gloom, and dangers ſped.
Amherſt, and *Wolfe*, like theſe, were wiſely choſe,
For foreign War, againſt perfidious Foes.
Wiſdom,

* Upon the refuſal of *Achilles*, to return to the army, (which he had deſerted, on account of the quarrel between him, and *Agamemnon*, who with his troops had laid ſiege to Troy; but was now by the irreſiſtible proweſs of *Hector*, beaten back to his ſhips, and entrenchments.) A council of war was call'd by night, for the public ſafety, and *Neſtor* queſtions, if none will go to hazard his life to ſave his country, ſtrive to ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe, or penetrate ſo far into their camp, as to hear their counſels, and deſigns, mentions the glory of the deed, and what gifts! and praiſes! his grateful country wou'd beſtow! *Diomed*, undertook this hazardous enterprize! and made choice of *Ulyſſes* for his companion. In their paſſage, they ſurprize *Dolon* (whom *Hector* had ſent on a like deſign, to the camp of the Grecians.) From him they are inform'd of the ſituation of the trojan, and auxiliary forces, and particularly of *Rheſus*, and the Thracians, who were lately arriv'd. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill *Rheſus*, with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp. The whole ſtory may be read in the 10th Book of *Homer*'s Iliad.

Wiſdom, and Valour, with united force;
Conduct the Grecians, thro' their nightly courſe.
If ſkill mature, the great Deſign ſhou'd aſk;
Who fitter than *Ulyſſes* for the Taſk?
Shou'd Giant Danger ſtride a-croſs the path,
*Tydides** fierce! was full of martial wrath;
With mighty ſtrength, his pond'rous Spear he drove,
And ſcarce† retreated from the thund'ring JOVE!
Amherſt, in council, was rely'd upon:
Wolfe, had the ſpirit of *Tydeus*'s Son.
Both oft had charg'd, amidſt the ſulph'rous roar
Of deep mouth'd Guns, and thouſands in their gore:
Both oft well try'd, to fierce Encounters drew,
Where iron Deaths, and leaden Dangers flew.

BRUNSWICK,

* *Tydides*, is *Diomed*, being the ſon of *Tydeus*; and is ſometimes in the Iliad, call'd *Diomed. Tydides. Tydeus*'s ſon.

† In the 8th book of *Homer*'s Iliad. we have *Diomed*, advancing fiercely to *Neſtor*'s reſcue, and to battle with *Hector*, who came thund'ring through the war, and was driving full upon the Pylian Sage. *Homer* makes *Jupiter* oppoſe *Diomed*, in theſe words.

> But JOVE with awful ſound;
> Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vaſt profound.
> Full in *Tydides*' face, the light'ning flew;
> The ground before him, flam'd with ſulphur blue.

After which, he deſcribes him retreating with great reluctance, from *Hector*'s overwhelming battle; tho' deſerted by the Grecians, adviſ'd to flee by *Neſtor*, and oppos'd by a ſtorm of thunder, and lightning, from *Jupiter*, himſelf.

BRUNSWICK, and *Pitt*, on theſe, ſecurely lean'd,
England, in hope, by theſe, was well ſuſtain'd.
So *Memnon*, *Neſtor*, fix'd their hopes upon
Bold *Diomed*, and ſage *Laertes'* * Son.
Thro' dardan Ranks, victorious, both had ſtrode;
Their Grecian Spears, drank, deep of hoſtile blood.
Amidſt the fierceſt ſhocks both oft were try'd;
Whilſt brains, and gore, their biting faulchions dy'd.
Swords, jav'lins, darts, and ſpears, (in well fought fields,)
In batt'ring ſtorms, had rattled on their Shields.
With warlike ſpoils, their Labours oft were crown'd;
For Wiſdom great, and Valour, much renown'd.
They ſeiz'd on *Dolon*†, (ſtruck with wild diſmay:)
Firſt ſlew the Spy, then ſped where *Rheſus* lay:
Doom'd with his Guards, no more to ſee the light;
Their eyes ſeal'd up, in everlaſting night.
Back to their Friends, the Heroes ſafe return'd:
The trojan Camp, their nightly viſit mourn'd.
Both plann'd, both fought, as dread occaſion needs;
And both their Souls, were form'd for mighty deeds.
Amherſt,

* *Ulyſſes*, who is in the Iliad, ſometimes call'd ſage *Ulyſſes*, wiſe *Ulyſſes*, *Laertes*'s ſon, and ſometimes *Ithacus*.

† The ſpy ſent by *Hector*, to explore the Grecian Camp. Vid. 10th book of *Homer*'s Iliad.

Amherſt, and *Wolfe*, like theſe, in war renown'd;
Return'd from Louiſbourg, with conqueſt crown'd.
The toils of war, each diſpoſition ſuits;
And either plans, and either executes.
The Grecian Heroes, their nocturnal courſe
Held jointly on, with great united force.
Whilſt *Diomed*, the guards of *Rheſus* ſlew,
Wiſe *Ithacus**, the bodies backward drew.
(Fearing the mettled ſteeds might ſcorn the rein,
Unus'd to carnage, and the ſanguin'd plain.)
Whilſt *Amherſt* thunder'd on the frighten'd town;
Wolfe's battle ſhook the iſland Batt'ry down.
Wiſe were the Grecian Chiefs, nor wont to fear:
Sagacious, brave, the Britiſh Heroes were.

* *Ulyſſes*, who is often call'd *Ithacus*; from his country; He, being King of Ithaca.

End of BOOK I.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

THE descent at Cherburg. Blowing up the Baſon. Goree attack'd by the Honourable Auguſtus Keppel: *and ſurrender'd to Him. Admiral* Rodney's *bombardment of Havre de Grace; and burning the flatbottom boats; with an addreſs to Great-Britain.* Boſcawen's *ſailing, and chaſing* De Clue. *The Engagement.* De Clue, *and part of his Squadron driven on ſhore! with the pannic they were in, on ſeeing the Spaniſh Fleet, and ſuppoſing them to be an Engliſh Fleet.*

WAR:

WAR:

BOOK II.

GREAT GEORGE's GRANDSON, lands on gallia's ſhore:
His batt'ring guns, and royal mortars roar:
Cloſe ply'd, well aim'd, are bombs, and daſhing balls;
Before the princely Hero, Cherburg falls:
Low as the duſt, ſtrong Ramparts, down are thrown:
Aloft, in air, the coſtly Baſon's blown.
How ſmil'd our good old KING! how trembled Gaul!
Whilſt EDWARD's cannon, raz'd proud Cherburg's wall!
Paternal doubts, and ardent wiſhes riſe,
Whilſt tears of tranſport, ſparkled in his eyes.
Grandly exulting, more than KING He ſtood!
Whilſt EDWARD fought, confeſſing BRUNSWICK's blood!
So ſtands, the royal Hunter, to ſurvey
His Cubs, who grapple with a ſtubborn prey:

He

He ſwings his tail, exulting at the fight;
And trembling, longs to mingle in the fight:
With love paternal fir'd, and ardent rage;
He ſees the Lions, as the Cubs engage:
At length, the vanquiſh'd foe, is drown'd in blood,
He ſhakes his mane, and roars applauſes loud.

AS if Veſuvius uprooted torn;
Againſt Goree, to battle had been born;
Brave *Keppel*, in the Torbay, fierce aſſail'd
Fort, after Fort, and mightily prevail'd.
Whilſt Fate, in triumph, in each broadſide rode,
Keppel, for warlike fame, and vict'ry glow'd:
Shot, after ſhot, bomb, after bomb, he ſent;
Silenc'd their guns, platforms, and ramparts rent:
The Gauls grew cool, as warm the Britons grew;
And greatly emulous, to battle flew;
They ceas'd their fire, and pull'd their Enſign down,
And gave our Troops poſſeſſion of the Town.

SEE! *Rodney*, next, th'invaſive project marr:
Subvert French ſchemes, and their flat bottom'd war:
Britannia's Fleet, at Havre, threats the ſhore;
And brazen mortars, in bombardment roar:

From

From iron Vehicles, the veng'ance broke ;
And all their plans, evaporate in ſmoke !

Britain ! let looſe thy rough, undaunted Tars ;
And ſmile applauſe, on all thy Sons of Mars ;
Let no cabals, thy Patriots aims fruſtrate,
Nor civil diſcontent, diſturb the State ;
Then under Providence, we may expect
A laſting Peace, the pride of Gallia check'd.

NOW *Hawke*, and *Boſcawen*, with terrors ride
A-croſs the main, to curb the gallic pride :
And in Lagos, and Quiberon's fam'd Bay,
Our gallant Tars, their naval worth diſplay ;
Attack, and ſtrike the Fleets of Gaul, with dread diſmay.
Boſcawen, firſt, engages with the foe ;
And gains new laurels from his overthrow.
Frighted before, at Spaniards * in the Bay ;
They tack'd, confus'd, and ſtood again at ſea.
Chimeras fill'd their minds, black fear prevails ;
And ev'ry cloud, was England's ſwelling Sails :
So tim'rous ſouls, (dreading nocturnal ſhade,)
A ſimilar miſtake, have often made.

* The French fleet, ſeeing the Spaniſh fleet in the bay, (as they were going into the harbour,) tack'd and ſtood off again at ſea : by which means, they met the (ſo much dreaded) Engliſh fleet, which they ſo vainly endeavour'd to ſhun.

A ſudden glance, a-croſs a glitt'ring pool,
'Twas light'ning flaſh'd, and ſhou'd ſome growling Bull,
Bellow terrific, thro' th' adjacent plains,
Some fiend infernal roar'd, and ſhook his chains:
From non-exiſting ills, they ſtrive t' eſcape,
Stumble on nought! and into ditches leap!
So Frenchmen now, ſubſtantial dangers meet,
Shunning the ſhadow of an Engliſh Fleet.
Our fleet, no ſooner to their view appear'd,
Falſe ſignals made, and Britain's Enſigns rear'd,
Thro' all their ſhips, the wonted fears prevail;
They dropp'd their courſers, and ſet ev'ry ſail.
Now glow'd our Tars, and thro' the foaming ſea,
They chac'd *DeClue*, and long'd to ſeize their prey.
As thro' the concave of the gloomy Sky,
(On wings of winds upborn, on which they fly;)
Black clouds, chace clouds, in dread tremendous form;
Pregnant with light'ning, hail, and thunder ſtorm;
So Gallia's flying Ships, and our purſuing Fleet,
Glide on in flaming gloom, and in loud Thunder greet.

Yard-arm,

Yard-arm, and yard-arm now, and ſide, to ſide,
Pikes, piſtols, guns, with briſk diſpatch are ply'd.
From ſhip, to ſhip, grapples, and chains are thrown;
Pole-axes graſp'd, and cutlaſſes are drawn:
With inborn glow, our Tars prepare t' aſſail,
Reſolv'd they board, and uncontroul'd prevail.
Brave *Boſcawen* bears down, with gen'rous rage;
And tho' diſmaſted, dares *De Clue* t' engage.
So fierce they fought! ſo many broadſides fir'd!
The braſs * relented, and the guns grew tir'd!
De Clue now fled, (with thouſands) hid in ſmoke,
Which from the BritiſhFleet, with veng'ance broke;
And left their Ships, at random on the ſea,
To rocks, and flames, and Engliſh Tars a prey.
To ſhun *Boſcawen*'s rage, and horrid roar,
The gallic Ocean † tumbled on the ſhore.

* If I am not much miſtaken, I heard, that the muzzles of ſome of the Ocean's braſs guns bent downward; the metal being molify'd by exceſſive heat of the oft repeated diſcharges.

† The Ship *De Clue* commanded.

End of BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

GREAT-BRITAIN's preparation of her Fleet, and Troops, againſt Quebec, under Admiral Saunders, *and Admiral* Holmes; *and the Generals,* Wolfe, Monckton, *and* Townſhend. *The panic in France! and at Quebec! as the conſequence thereof. The Fleet ſailing; their arrival in the river of Quebec. The formidable appearance, and reſolution, of the Engliſh, Scotch, Iriſh, and Provincials; when they remember'd Zell, and the ſcalping butchery of the French, Canadians, and Indians. The Fleet proceeding up the Gulf, and the Engliſh* Wolfe *landing againſt the Enemy. His intrepidity, and the execution of his attacks. Fireſhips ſent down, ſeveral times by the French, upon the ſtream, to burn our Fleet; but by the vigilance of Admiral* Saunders, Holmes, *and other reſolved Commanders; join'd with the indefatigable reſolution, and activity of our bold, and hardy Tars; they are baffled in all their ſchemes, and the fireſhips, and firefloats, do no damage to the Engliſh Fleet. The vexation of the French thereon; and the war carried to their walls. The united battery*

of

of General Wolfe, *on Point Levi: Admiral* Saunders, *below the Town, and Admiral* Holmes, *above the Town.*

General Wolfe, *represented as in suspence, on Point Levi; on account of the small number of Forces he had with him, and on viewing* Montcalm's *camp, with near double the number; and observing the stupendous height, and stability of the Town, and Garrison of Quebec; compared to Babylon's, (as was thought impregnable) Ramparts, for the Town stood upon a lofty rock, and well defended by trench, on trench, and impassable works, and avenues: rising dreadfully to view! one above another. General* Wolfe's *intrepid resolves, to attack Monsieur* Montcalm's *Entrenchments. The dangerous landing; fight, and retreat. The undaunted behaviour of Captain* Ochterlony, *(a Scotch Gentleman,) and Lieut.* Peyton, *(an Irish Gentleman;) both of one company of Royal-American Grenadiers; left wounded on the field of battle. Their refusal to be carried off. Two Indians, and a Frenchman, attack Capt.* Ochterlony, *Mr.* Peyton, *(after a long struggle,) kills the Indians, and is rescu'd from about thirty more, by three Highlanders, detached by Capt.* M'Donald *of* Fraser's *Battalion. General* Wolfe *is vex'd at his repulse, and*

ſickens thro' care and watching. The united efforts of the Soldiers, and Seamen, to reduce the Place. The battery againſt, and from the Town, and all the terrors! carnage! and tumult of the ſiege deſcrib'd! the terror of the French, Canadians, and Indians, on account of their cruelty, and treachery!

General Amherſt, Townſhend, Johnſon, Howe, Prideaux, Rogers, Forbes, Schomberg, *and their Tranſactions on the Continent metion'd, by way of epiſode; who reduc'd Ticonderoga, Crown-Point, and Niagara; with ſome other ſervices perform'd by them. The ſiege of Quebec reaſſum'd. The day of battle diſcrib'd before the Town. The difficulty our Troops met in aſcending the hill, and their reſolution. The ſummit of the hill gain'd. The armies meeting. A ſhort eſſay on the Generals. The Fight begun. General* Wolfe's *wriſt broken by a ball. His intrepidity and deſire for battle. General* Wolfe *wounded a ſecond time; but diſſembles the hurt. Wounded a third time, mortally! drops, and is carried out of the battle. The manner of his death! and how it was receiv'd at home. His Mother's grief, and England's in general. The geneſity of the common people, at the time of rejoicing and illumination. A ſhort addreſs to his Mother. The*

grief

grief of the Soldiers in the battle for him. Their generous Rage! impetuous! and overwhelming united attack of the Enemy! Col. Howe's *Station in the Field.*

A deſcription of the Anſtruthers, and Scots, with their broad ſwords, and the reſt of the Troops, with their bayonets fix'd; piercing thro', hewing down whole lanes of carnage! and rolling the gallic Squadrons before them, in confuſion! General Monckton *wounded: his behaviour, and a ſhort parallel between him, and General* Townſhend.

General Townſhend *takes the command. His intrepidity; like* Achilles, *leading on his Myrmidons to battle, to revenge the death of his dear* Patroclus! *the wounded* Ulyſſes! Diomed! *&c. &c. &c. The general rout, and ſlaughter of* Montcalm, *and his Troops.* Bougainville's *corps appears, juſt as the rout began: but is ſoon likewiſe routed by General* Townſhend, *and our animated Troops, and ſent full ſpeed, to join the reſt in their retreat.*

The chace continu'd to the town of Quebec: our Troops mixing with, running down, and taking the Frenchmen priſoners at will, with the ſurrender of the Town, and Garriſon, to General Townſhend.

WAR:

BOOK III.

CHERBURG, Du Queſne, Goree, and Senegal;
Victims, to Britain's fierce reſentment fall.
Strong Louiſbourg, and Guadaloup flung down,
Great-Britain's arms, with glorious conqueſt crown.
French captiv'd fleets, (new mann'd,) protect our coaſt;
Lewis no cauſe has got, whereof to boaſt;
Nor Royal GEORGE to grieve, that he Minorca loſt.
How ſatiate now, Great-Britain might ſit down:
But BRUNSWICK, ſtill puts on a threat'ning frown.
By *Pitt*, (reſolv'd to awe the wond'ring world,)
Againſt Quebec, the Engliſh Thunder's hurl'd;
With miſchief ſure, the Bolts deſtructive fly;
Guided by Him, who thunders from the Sky,
From

From Pole, to Pole, great Albion's terror's known;
She roars in Thunder! and her pow'r they own,
Amid the frigid, and the torrid Zone!

Winter elaps'd, the welcome ſpring appears;
Saunders, aloft, the Britiſh Enſign rears.
Engliſh, Hibernians, Scotchmen, all combine;
With one conſent, (reſolv'd,) united join,
T' imbark, and boldly urge the grand deſign.

Commiſſion'd now, brave Adm'ral *Saunders* ſails,
At Paris, ſad foreboding fear prevails:
The coaſt of France, a pannic dread alarms;
Britannia's Sons, are rous'd again to arms!
As when a flock of Swans, have ken'd on high,
A dreaded Eagle, ſouſing from the Sky;
They flutter, ſcream, and gather cloſely round,
And wiſh a place of ſafety could be found;
Till down he comes, upon the pinion'd prey;
Scatters, and tears, and bears a Swan away.
When *Saunders* ſail'd, in France ſuch moan was heard;
But Quebec, chiefly, his approaches fear'd;

There

There Albion's Thunders, with deſtructive roar;
Quebec, (well mann'd,) from *Lewis*, reeking tore:
And laid Canadians, welt'ring in their gore.
So oft, before, have England's Adm'rals hurl'd,
Great GEORGE's flame, and terror, thro' the world!

Wide o'er the deep, through ſtorms, and bluſt'ring gales,
Safe to America, our Squadron ſails.
Provincials arm'd, againſt Quebec t' engage,
Welcome the Fleet; and burn with new born Rage.
Provincials, Engliſh, Scotch, Hibernians bold,
Frown, formidably, dreadful to behold!
Within their minds, Canadian Butch'ries riſe,
Each cruel plan, the treach'rous Gauls deviſe:
Gloomy they low'r, like pond'rous ſhow'rs when born,
Towards a field, of yellow ſtanding corn:
Till down a deluge comes, with rattling ſound,
And beats the plenteous harveſt to the ground;
So Britain's Troops, when they remember'd Zell,*
And ſcalping knives, frown'd with reſentment fell,
With

* The place in Germany, where Monſieur *Richlieu*, burnt the Orphan-Houſe, and four hundred Orphans in it.

With gen'rous rage! they beat Quebec to ground!
And recompence moſt juſt, the baſe Canadians found.

I

Saunders proceeds, up thro' St. Laurence gulf;
On ſhore deſcended Britain's fearleſs *Wolfe*:
And with an (eager,) martial tranſport flew,
Upon the black, Canadian, ſcalping crew!
Yet warm from Louiſbourg, and blood of Gaul;
He long'd to ſee the ſavage ſcalpers fall.
Keen threat'ning fires, He ſhot from wrathful eyes,
Whilſt from his brazen engines, veng'ance flies.
His manly boſom burn'd, with freeborn flame;
To ſpread the terror of his Sov'reign's Name.
He burſt like Fate, againſt the Indian Foe;
And whelm'd them in the gallic overthrow.
To vex the foe, (whom num'rous forts immure,)
And Britain's Fleet from danger to ſecure,
Levi at firſt, and Orleans they poſſeſs'd;
And to the batt'ring ſiege, themſelves addreſs'd.

Large,

Large, and ſmall faſcine batt'ries ſoon are plann'd,
And guns, and murd'ring mortars quickly mann'd.
The ſhells, and ſhot, and black diſploding grain,
Are ſent to *Wolfe*, nor are they ſent in vain;
He deals deſtruction thro' the hoſtile plain!

Whilſt *Wolfe*, and *Saunders*, 'gainſt Quebec combine,
The French (alarm'd,) had plann'd a dire deſign,
To execute a dreadful fiery * doom;
And in relentleſs blaze, the Fleet conſume.
As Etna oft, with ſulph'rous flame, and noiſe,
Subjacent Towns, and Cities, quick deſtroys;
Whene'er inrag'd, the mountain overflows,
And from its womb, th' infernal mixture throws:
So from Quebec, (adrift,) the gallic Flame;
Down thro' the Gulf, againſt brave *Saunders* came.

Toward

* Whilſt Gen. *Wolfe*, and Admiral *Saunders*, were uniting their utmoſt efforts, to batter, deſtroy, and take the town: or bring Monſ. *De Montcalm*, (an able, fortunate, and brave commander) to battle: the French ſeveral times ſent down from the town, on the rapid ſtream, fireſhips, and boats full of combuſtibles, to deſtroy our ſhipping, which almoſt wholly fill'd the channel. But by the extraordinary ſkill, and vigilance of Admiral *Saunders*; the bravery, and intrepidity of his Officers, and ſailors, every veſſel of this kind ſent againſt them, was tow'd aſhore, without doing the leaſt miſchief.

Toward the Britiſh Fleet, the terrors ride,
In awful manner, on the rapid tide;
The blazing deaths, a little Fleet appear!
(Enough to ſtrike the boldeſt ſoul with fear!)
As if th' infernal coaſt, (itſelf,) was drawing near!
Saunders aware, deſcry'd 'em from afar,
And ſoon prepar'd to meet the flaming war.
Great-Britain's Tars, toward the danger ſpeed;
And prov'd they were, true Engliſhmen indeed.
(For as the Grecians gather'd from a far,
When *Hector* urg'd along the flaming war,
Round Ajax throng'd, his near approach to greet,
To ſell their Lives, and ſave the Grecian Fleet.
(Begirt with Trojans*, on the Hero came;
And high uplifted, bore, the phrygian Flame.)
Reſolv'd

* The whole ſtory, of the battle near the ſhip of the dead Proteſilaus; the compact body, and immoveable reſolution of the Grecian Phalanx, around the two Ajaces, and ſeveral other commanders, oppoſing the deſperate, and formidable onſet of *Hector*; (exulting in his having paſs'd the wall, which guarded the ſhips, and the Grecian camp;) begirt with the fierceſt, and prime warriors of his Army, and the numerous bands of the then triumphant Trojans, ruſhing furiouſly on after, (like a deluge,) with the fiery war: the Grecians ſtruggles to repulſe the Trojans, and ſave the Fleet; and the Trojans efforts, to ruſh on, and burn the Fleet, with the ſcale of battle turn'd by the approach of *Patroclus*, in *Achilles*'s Armour, and Chariot, with *Hector*'s retreat, the Grecian Navy ſav'd from *Hector*'s flame, the Trojan rout, and carnage, which enſu'd; may be read in the fifteenth, and ſixteenth Books of *Homer*'s Iliad.

Reſolv'd they fix'd, nor ever once gave ground,
Till *Hector*'s Flame, in Trojan Blood was drown'd.
So Engliſh Sailors, glow'd with fierce deſires,
Reſolv'd to quell, thoſe num'rous floating fires.)
Boats, throng on boats, as near the fireſhips drew;
Clapp'd cloſe on board, and chains, and grapples threw:
With buſy, anxious minds, they boldly wrought;
And Gallia's burning ſcheme, reduc'd to nought.
Canadians, Gauls, (fruſtrated,) all in vain,
Gnaſhing their teeth, to ſenſeleſs walls complain,
Juſt as a hungry Wolf, but ſlowly flies,
Whilſt Dogs, and Shepherds, follow with their cries,
Grinning, oft turns, with fear, and fierce diſdain,
Reluctant runs, and quits the bleating plain,
His ſavage fierceneſs, ſcarcely can with-hold,
So grinn'd Quebec, by Providence controul'd:
So fled their Tars, when our brave Tars appear'd;
They heard their ſhouts, their boiſt'rous greeting fear'd.

Tho' ſev'ral Ships, with fires infernal glow'd,
From larboard, ſtarboard, clear, each flame was tow'd;
Whilſt BRUNSWICK's Ships, at anchor ſafely rode.

Britain

Britain exult! let wond'ring Nations hear,
Thy freeborn Tars, mock at the name of fear!
Far from their hearts, deſpondency they chace;
And boldly ſtare deſtruction in the face!
Fear not my Lads, ſays ev'ry Britiſh Tar,
Whilſt plunging 'midſt the thunder of the War.
Thus oft, the French ſent down their horrid fires,
As oft, our Sailors glow'd with fierce deſires,
To grapple with the flaming ſulph'rous war!
T'oppoſe their boats! and all their ſchemes to mar!
Where flame, and death, and war, tumult'ous rage!
There ſhout the Britiſh Tars! and with delight engage!

As Grecians ſav'd their Fleet, from Trojan flame,
And 'gainſt ſtrong Troy, with burning Veng'ance came,
Saunders, and *Wolfe*, and *Holmes*, repay'd the Gauls;
And brought Great-Britain's Thunder to their walls.

From Levi's Point, *Wolfe*'s rapid ſtorm came down!
Saunders, below, and *Holmes* above the Town,
(Intent

(Intent on war, in fulminating ſort,)
Eject their Bolts, to raze the gallic Fort.
From ſhips, and batt'ries, (with deſtruction ſtor'd,)
In triple concert, England's veng'ance roar'd.

On Levi's Point, *Wolfe* ruminating ſtood;
Thence *Montcalm*'s camp, and ſtrong Quebec He view'd.
Quebec, whoſe baſe, was on a loſty rock;
Diſpos'd to ſtand, amidſt the fierceſt ſhock:
Tho' Engliſh Fleets, the garriſon ſurround,
And Engliſh Forces, throng th' adjacent ground;
Like thoſe, on Babylon's ſtupendous wall *
Who fear'd no foes, tho'Heav'n ſhould threat the fall;
By art, and nature, form'd for ſtrong defence,
With proud diſdain, the French look'd down from thence.

On glorious death, or well earn'd conqueſt bent:
Wolfe, with his Troops, to Montmorenci † went:
Attack'd

* The people of Babylon, when the city was beſieg'd, look'd down with a fearleſs diſdain, on the troops which beleaguer'd the walls, and truſted to their ſtupendous height, and ſtrength. So Quebec, both by art, and nature, was moſt ſtrongly fortify'd, and render'd capable of an obſtinate defence.

† The place, near where Monſ. *Montcalm* was entrench'd.

Attack'd the trenches, brav'd the num'rous foe,
Who ſculk'd behind their banks, and fear'd an overthrow!

The time deciſive now, came on to ſtorm,
And death put on, a fierce, tremendous form!
His vanguard, were the terrors of the night;
Wolfe, *Monckton*, *Townſhend*, whetted for the fight;
Engliſh, Hibernians, Caledonians, arm'd
With native rage, for dang'rous battle warm'd:
Provincials too, with emulation came;
And march'd intrepid, to the field of fame.
The Britiſh Tars, as ſtrong reſerves await;
To join the chace, or favour the retreat,
Inviron'd thus, midſt terrors on He came!
With Britain's Thunderbolts, and ſulph'rous flame!

Now near the ſhore, th' aſſailing forces drew,
And leaden deaths, (like hail,) in volleys flew.
Engliſh, Canadians, French, drop all around;
Guns, Men, and Blood, beſtrew the ſlipp'ry ground.
French deep mouth'd guns, diſgorge their mur-d'ring glut;
From front to rear, wide lanes of carnage cut:

Deſcending bombs, (from num'rous forts of Gaul,)
Among the Troops, and Boats, in plenty fall;
Promiſcuous kill; with fulminating light,
Diſplode, and add, new terrors to the fight.
The Troops, and Tars, ruſh'd on, with martial wrath!
Thro' floods of flame! and deluges of death!
Wolfe, and his Men, thro' dangers, ſpeed to ſhore,
Where gallic Guns, and murd'ring mortars roar:
Gauls, and Canadians, mix'd, engage ten deep;
Our Troops attempt, an aſcent rough, and ſteep;
And on the neck of danger, dare to land,
Where Gallia's thick mud banks, were ten times mann'd!
At length retreat; (for numbers gain'd the day,)
Whilſt *Peyton**, 'mongſt the dead, and wounded lay.
Not far: (deſcending to the ſhades of night;)
Lay *Ochterlony*†, in a diſmal plight:
Their two great Hearts, by martial glow were fir'd;
And both their Souls, ſweet friendſhip's flame inſpir'd:

Of

* Mr. *Peyton*, was an Iriſh Gentleman, Lieut. of Capt. *Ochterlony*'s Company of Grenadiers.

† Mr. *Ochterlony*, was a Scotch Gentleman, and Captain of a Company of Royal American Grenadiers. He and Mr. *Peyton*, were inſeparable Friends, and of unblemiſh'd Characters.

Of Characters unblam'd; and free from ſtains:
Link'd, firm as Fate, in amicable chains.
The Grenadiers, wou'd fain their help beſtow;
And bear them (wounded,) from the ſcene of woe:
No, gen'rous Friends; the Caledonian ſaid;
Bear that brave Man, (in ſafety,) from the dead;
Pointing to *Peyton*, with his fractur'd bone:
Here let me lie, and bleed to death alone.
Peyton refus'd, (with generous diſdain;)
To leave his friend upon the hoſtile plain:
Fierce as the Dragon, guards th' heſperian Fruit,
Lay bleeding, (warm'd,) to meet the dread diſpute.

Here ſeems for death, an emulating ſtriſe,
Peyton, ſome minutes, guards departing life;
And *Ochterlony*, with his dying breath,
Begs *Peyton*'s reſcue, from the field of death.

As there they lay, among the num'rous ſlain,
Two ſcalping murderers, (with cruel mein,)

Join'd by a Gaul, towards the Warriors drew ;
And acted like a plund'ring* highway crew ;
Now *Ochterlony* roſe, from off the ground :
(Tho' pain'd, and bleeding, from a mortal† wound!)
Within his reach, no friendly weapon ſaw,
Wherewith to deal, the caledonian Blow ;
Elſe, doubtleſs, all, his mighty Blows had felt,
And fall'n beneath the Strokes, his Rage had dealt:
As dying Lions, wide Deſtruction ſpread ;
Cruſh dogs, and men, and ſink, together dead.
A pond'rous blow, deſign'd to daſh his head,
An ill aim'd firelock, on his ſhoulder ‡, laid :
Another, full of ſavage, (gallic) wrath,
Pour'd in his breaſt, a load ‡ of leaden death :
A third effort, the butch'ring Savage made ;
And thro' his belly, plung'd his ſcalping ‡ blade.

Moſt

* They took Mr. *Peyton*'s lac'd hat from him, and robb'd Capt. *Ochterlony* of his watch, and money, and then one of the Indians attempted to knock his brains out, with his firelock, and the other diſcharg'd into his body, and ſtabb'd him with his ſcalping knife.

† He was ſhot thro' the lungs, with a muſket ball: wore no ſword in the action, and was oblig'd to drop his fuſee, long before ; ſo that now, he was quite unarm'd.

‡‡‡ One of the Indians, attempted to knock him on the head, miſs'd the blow, and laid it on his ſhoulder ; the other diſcharg'd into his breaſt, and ſtabb'd him in the belly with his ſcalping knife. He ſtill ſtood, and call'd to Mr. *Peyton*, O *Peyton!* the villain has ſhot me!

Moſt fiercely kneeling*, midſt his murd'ring foes,
His naked hands, ſtill parry'd off their blows;
He call'd to wounded *Peyton*, deeply pain'd;
And of their outrage, to his Friend complain'd†.
As ruſh'd the trojan Hero ‡, from the ſhade,
And dealt deſtruction, with his mortal blade;
Soon as he ſaw, (the fatal) blow deſcend,
And on the ground, a gallant dying Friend:
Like him, fierce *Peyton*, ſtraightway, boldly rear'd;
Defiance frown'd! and both the Indians dar'd:
Rouz'd, tho' in pain, 'twixt bravery, and hate,
He groan'd in § Flame, and ſent the leaden Fate;
Which gain'd th' event, the gallant *Peyton* hop'd,
By death arreſted, down an Indian dropp'd:

* They brought him on his knees, by repeated blows, and efforts, and thought to ſtrangle him with his Saſh: but he ſtill, (tho' ſo often, and deadly wounded,) with ſurpriſing exertion, baffled them: and after all, got into the town, liv'd ſome days, and died there.

† He cried out O *Peyton!* the villain has ſhot me!

‡ *Niſus*, who with *Uryalus*, iſſu'd from *Eneas*'s camp, ſlew *Rhamnes*, *Rhemus*, and many others, of the enemy's camp, and march'd onward, to warn *Eneas* of their danger: but were met by *Volſcens*, in the wood, with 300 horſe, two of which, beſides *Volſcens*, *Niſus* ſlew, in revenge of the gallant *Uryalus*, ſlain by them.

§ Mr. *Peyton* had a double barrel'd fuſee.

On *Ochterlony* fell, (deſign'd his prey,)
And grinning, groan'd his ſavage ſoul away.
When Furio ſaw his mate, bereav'd of Life,
Frowning, he graſp'd, his fatal, ſcalping knife;
Fiercely, toward the wounded *Peyton* ſped,
In fancy, ſeiz'd his ſcalp, and doom'd him dead.
The bold Hibernian, ſtill unconquer'd ſtood;
His fractur'd leg, pour'd out the vital blood:
Tho' his firm heart, of blood, was nearly drain'd;
Reſenting rage, and courage, yet remain'd:
Tho' wounded, left, upon the hoſtile field;
To indian foes, He greatly ſcorn'd to yield:
For as the ſavage, nearer to Him drew,
His ſcorn encreas'd, and reſolution grew:
On one foot poiz'd again, He boldly fir'd:
But Fate deny'd the great Event deſir'd:
Th' indian's breaſt, receiv'd the miſſive ball:
But ſtill, unſhock'd, as if it ſtruck a wall;
He ſhew'd no ſign of pain, and ſcorn'd to fall!
'Gainſt *Peyton*, he, the leaden ruin ſent:
Which ah! full ſure, the Hero's ſhoulder rent;
Then onward ruſh'd, (full of Canadian pride,)
His bay'net fleſh'd, and thruſt it thro' his ſide.

The

The second thrust, he found himself deceiv'd;
Peyton's left Hand, the sanguin'd point receiv'd:
Which seiz'd the musket, with uncommon wrath,
Whilst his right hand, drew forth the glitt'ring * death:
He play'd again, the brave Hibernian's part;
And plung'd his faithful dagger to his heart.
Now hand, to hand, they join, and face, to face;
And grasp, and struggle, in a close embrace:
For prey, the Indian, still maintain'd the strife;
Peyton, for vict'ry fought, for Fame, and Life:
He oft his dagger plung'd, and groan'd, and frown'd,
And spurn'd th' infernal scalper to the ground.

So wounded Tygers, on East Indian plains,
Run down by blacks, and vex'd with pungent pains;
Drop to the ground, and seem to pant for breath,
A prey, almost, to grim, all conq'ring death:
But on th' approach of black, pursuing foes,
Again reviv'd, their innate courage glows:
Rampant, they rear, and roar, and swing their tails;
With deadly Fangs, and lacerating nails;

* Mr. *Peyton*, luckily wore a dagger.

They tear, and kill, and ſtain the place with blood;
Walk growling off, and ſhelter in the wood;
As *Peyton* limp'd, (with cruciating pain,)
After he had Canadian Scalpers ſlain.

A band* of ſavage Indians now drew near:
But *Peyton* fac'd, as if forgot to fear.
As if grim death, had brandiſh'd high his dart;
They ſtood aloof, and terror fill'd each heart!
So *Ajax* turn'd, and frown'd at Illium's tow'rs;
When Grecians fled, from conq'ring Trojan Pow'rs;
A living Bulwark, in the rear remain'd;
The chace retarded, and the charge ſuſtain'd!
The mean ſoul'd French, ſeem'd on his death intent;
And from the breaſtwork, thund'ring volleys ſent.
Peyton, (as if invulnerable) ſtood,
Sedate, in pain, their grov'ling rancour view'd.
For mighty Fate, fruſtrated ſpightful Gauls;
To right, and left, wide flew the hiſſing balls!

As

* Theſe were a company of above 30, in full march, to deſtroy him: but when he fac'd about, the foremoſt halted, and waited to be join'd by their fellows, but he kept them all at a diſtance, till three brave Highlanders, (detach'd from a ſmall Party, headed by Capt. *Macdonald*, a Scotch Gentleman,) came to his timely reſcue, and carried him off the field of battle.

As He ſuch Wonders, in their ſight had done;
So bravely fought, and dear bought vict'ry won;
French harmleſs cannon, took a random aim!
They roar'd applauſe! and thunder'd loud acclaim!

Macdonald * now, (with emulating flame,)
Amid ſurrounding dangers, fiercely came:
And with his little Party, ruſh'd along,
Before him, French, and Indians, fearful throng.
As Bears, when chac'd, will ſometimes make a ſtand,
And ruſh triumphant, thro' the hunting band;
For ſtolen Cubs, with double fury burn!
And ſcatter death, which way ſoe'er they turn!
So for his fall'n Friend, *Macdonald* ſtray'd,
And bore him from the field of battle dead.
As round he turn'd his anxious buſy ſight,
He ſaw brave *Peyton*, in diſtreſſed plight:
Sent three fierce Highlanders, a-croſs the field;
Who from the ſavages, the Hero ſhield.

'Midſt

* Mr. *Macdonald* was a Scotch Gentleman, a captain in Col. *Frazer*'s battalion, who came for a young Gentleman, his kinſman, who dropp'd on the field of battle, and bore him in triumph off, againſt all oppoſition.

'Midſt Volleys*, Flame*, and Deaths*, and gallic* Fire;
With Him, (triumphant,) from the foes retire!
Like *Scipio*†, thro' the field, with carnage ſtrow'd;
So He, upon the Scotchman's ſhoulders rode!
Now Providence once more, eſpous'd their cauſe;
French harmleſs cannon, roar'd a loud applauſe!

Here brightly ſhines, another glorious ſtrife,
Th' Hibernian‡ ſav'd the Caledonian's‡ life:
And now *Macdonald*, thirſting after fame,
(From Indian knives,) to *Peyton*'s reſcue came.

Repuls'd, and vex'd, uncertain of ſupplies;
Wolfe view'd the lofty town, with ardent eyes:
And

**** They were about 60 Yards from the Enemy's breaſtwork, and troops, who kept a continual fire of cannon, and ſmall arms, on them, but they got all triumphant off.

† Young *Scipio*, took his Father on his ſhoulders, when in danger, and carried him thro' the enemy's battle, to a place of ſafety. It may be read in the Carthaginian war.

‡‡ Mr. *Peyton* at firſt, kill'd the Indians attempting to kill Capt. *Ochterlony*; and now Mr. *Macdonald*, a Scotch Captain, reſcues Mr. *Peyton* from a party of Indians coming down upon him: the whole ſtory may be read at large, in the Britiſh Magazine of January, 1760.

And whilſt he plann'd the methods to prevail,
(Reſolv'd he wou'd the garriſon aſſail ;)
His mighty Soul, within his boſom rag'd,
And war inteſtine, with his body wag'd.
His enterprizing mind, by Glory fir'd ;
To Honour's ſummit, emulous aſpir'd :
His genius active : but his body ſlow,
To counteract, the ſtrong, the gallic Foe.
As guns are worn, by fierce expanding flame ;
Reſolves intrepid, ſhook his tender Frame.

Tho' firſt, the landing in diſpute was held,
And Britain's Troops, by numbers were repell'd ;
Like hungry Lions, (foaming for their prey ;)
Our Troops again prepare to force their way.
As ev'ry grain, with joint impulſive force,
The bullet urges, in its rapid courſe ;
Soldiers*, and Sailors*, join'd, againſt the Gauls,
With bombs, and bullets, raz'd the hoſtile walls.
French,

** It is very remarkable, the union that ſubſiſted between the Soldiers, and Sailors, during the long, tedious, and dangerous ſiege ; always ready, and active, to ſupport, and aſſiſt each other, and ſeem'd never better pleas'd, than when an opportunity offer'd of exerting themſelves, for each other : as if fir'd by emulation, who cou'd ſhow themſelves moſt alert, to gain a glorious Name, and ſtand with the moſt intrepid Souls, the greateſt ſhock of danger.

French, and Canadians, under covert get;
Death glances ſwift, along the parapet.
Rais'd up aloft, deſcending death comes down,
Like Egypt's Hail, upon the ſubject Town:
Which mix'd with fierce æthereal Flame around,
Beat Man, and beaſt, and cattle to the ground:
So glancing Bombs, dance madly thro' the ſtreet:
And with diſploſion fierce, their Houſes greet:
(Which piece-meal torn,) to open view diſplay'd,
The baſes of the ſtrongeſt Domes are laid.
Men, Women, Children, 'midſt the flame are loſt;
(To atoms rent, and into nothing toſt:)
With theſe, the flaming Carcaſes conſpire,
To ſcatter ruin, and devouring fire.

Britiſh, and gallic Guns, and Mortars ſound;
With roar deſtructive, ſhake th' adjacent ground!
Shrieks! groans! and yells! and hoſtile ſhouts!
are heard around!

Such noiſe heard Satan, (that deceiver fell;)
When on the verge of chaos, night, and hell.
With eager ſpeed, they guns, and mortars ply:
And thronging deaths, of lead, and iron fly:

Our

Our Troops roar death, againſt the batter'd walls;
And death, receive again, from fretful Gauls.

As Moles, to ſubterraneous holes betake;
So Engineers, (unſeen,) approaches make:
Prepar'd (like Earthquakes, tumid, from below,)
to riſe deſtructive, with ſulphureous glow:
And raze the Town, and Fort, with inſtant overthrow.
Wolfe, and his Troops, (with ſlow advances) ſteal,
Towards the Town, ſtill anixous to prevail.

With full ten thouſand, *Montcalm* keeps the trench:
Canadians mix'd, with trembling, tim'rous French.
Quebec holds out, and much ſurrender dreads;
Wolfe, ſhakes his flaming veng'ance o'er their heads.
Conſcious of Britiſh Blood, by murder ſpilt;
Of treaties broke, and ſportive ſcalping guilt;
Of mothers ripp'd, and helpleſs Infants cries;
Which calls for ſweeping Judgment from the Skies;
They roll with gloomy dread, their haggard Eyes.

Mean

MEAN while, brave *Amherſt*, *Johnſon*, *Rogers*, warm
With native zeal, the Continent alarm,
Townſhend, and *Bradſtreet*, *Prideaux*, *Howe*, advance;
With *Forbes*, *Schomberg*, 'gainſt the friends of France.

So much reſpect, the gallant *Howe** had gain'd,
The poſt of honour had ſo well maintain'd;
That when he bravely fell, againſt the Gauls,
Before Ticonderoga's fatal walls;
In Maſſachuſetts-Bay, for his great Worth,
A gen'rous flame of gratitude broke forth:
A coſtly monument, they chearful give;
That *Howe*, tho' dead, may in Remembrance live:
There may be read, New-England's grateful flame;
Howe's luckleſs Death; and mighty warring Fame.

Amherſt drove on, cloath'd in ſtern war's alarms;
And ſpread the terror of Britannia's Arms.

(Thro'

* Col. *Howe*, who was unfortunately kill'd, advancing to the attack of Ticonderoga; and for whom, the People of Maſſachuſetts-Bay, erected a Monument, in Weſtminſter Abbey.

(Thro' pathleſs dangers; and thro' deep defiles,)
From ambuſh ſafe, and baſe Canadian wiles;
He paſt victorious, Heav'n propitious ſmiles.
So *Hannibal*, o'er alpine Mountains ſped,
And Carthaginians 'gainſt the Romans led.
The gallant *Johnſon*, and Provincials roſe;
With *Amherſt* join'd, againſt our plotting foes:

Before Him, Forts, Towns, Corn, and Plenty ſtood;
Behind, black Deſolation might be view'd;
Bulwarks unmann'd, and Trenches drench'd in Blood:
Canadian carnage, round the rampiers lay;
And treach'rous gallic Blood, mark'd out his way:
Provincials rage, and Britiſh Heroes glow,
For grand revenge, againſt the ſcalping foe:
And like that death, which much fam'd *Milton* made,
Whom Satan found amid th' infernal ſhade;
And told him ſtraight, he ſhou'd mankind devour,
He bleſs'd his maw, and wiſh'd the happy hour;
Grinn'd horrid ſmiles, and brandiſh'd high his dart,
Prepar'd to ſtrike each living creature's heart:
So theſe rejoice, (inrag'd,) with vengeful gloom;
Anticipate the day, and fix Canadia's doom:

They

They burn within, with fierce, and martial treads,
Their broad ſwords draw, and wave 'em o'er their heads:
They knit their brows, and with a ſtern diſdain,
Frown future veng'ance, thro' the hoſtile plain:
For ſavage *Montcalm*, in their minds remain'd,
Who tamely ſtood, while gallic Indians ſtain'd
With Britiſh conquer'd Blood, Fort William's*plains,
Ripp'd Mothers up, and daſh'd out Infants Brains!

As

* When Fort William, was taken in America, by Monſieur *Montcalm*, after the ſurrender of the Fort, and our Troops were marching out, (according to capitulation:) the Indians fell upon our Soldiers, as they paſs'd on, with their Wives, and Children, and begun to knock down, ſtrip, and butcher Men, Women, and Children, promiſcuouſly! whilſt Monſieur *Montcalm*, and the French Troops, ſtood and look'd tamely on the diſperſion! confuſion! and carnage of the Engliſh! and on being aſk'd by ſome Gentlemen, (who fled to them, and claim'd their protection,) why they ſuffer'd this Outrage, and Cruelty? *Montcalm*, anſwer'd them in a frivolous manner, ſomething to this purport: "That they were a deſperate, ſavage ſort of people; ſcarcely to be kept within bounds; their good friends, and allies, ſerv'd them for what plunder they could get; and claim'd it as their due: (tho' ſore againſt his will;) and as the caſe ſtood, they being ſo reſolute, and ungovernable, he cou'd not well tell how to reſtrain them." However, ſeveral who eſcap'd in the general tumult, fled back to him, and had the great humanity ſhown them, to be preſerv'd from butchery. Whilſt the Indians ſtill continu'd to glut themſeves, in plundering, ſcalping, ripping Womens Bodies, and daſhing Childrens Brains out! at leaſt, if all this was not done there; it was done at other places ſeveral times.

As when fierce Tygers roar amid the wood,
Hunting for prey, full ſcent on human blood;
The Trav'ller hears, and wing'd with dread ſurprize,
To diſtant Shelter, for his ſafety flies:
So veng'ance *Amherſt* roar'd, the French, and Indians creep,
To Woods, and Caves, and Forts, like flocks of tim'rous ſheep.

NOW on the wings of Time, the morn appear'd,
Whoſe dread approach, Quebec ſo greatly fear'd.
When *Montcalm*, and his Troops, ſhou'd quit the field:
To *Monckton*, *Wolfe*, and *Townſhend*, vanquiſh'd yield.
The martial Trine, aſcend the hoſtile hill,
The Troops inſpir'd, a manly ardour feel;
They clamber up the aſcent, rough, and ſteep;
Retarded oft, and oft times forc'd to creep:
From bough, to bough, themſelves they onward drew;
Their reſolution, with the danger grew:
Moſt nobly rouz'd, to act beyond compare,
And ſhow the world, how much true Britons dare;

To give the French, another ſpecimen,
Like Poictiers, Creſſy, Blenheim, Dettingen!
And like the (ſturdy,) Britiſh Troops of old;
With whom the HENRYS oft the Gauls controul'd;
Onward they trod, with great heroic glow,
To hew thro' Squadrons of the num'rous foe;
Who from a four gun Fort, to flight betake,
As *Wolfe*, and *Monckton*, their approaches make;
With which our Troops, the flying Frenchmen rake.

Rapid as torrents, when they downward ſweep;
Howe, and his Corps, aſcend the rocky ſteep,
They clear'd the path, French Guards diſlodg'd purſu'd,
And all our Troops upon the ſummit ſtood.
There undiſturb'd, they rang'd, in dread array,
E'er Phœbus thither roll'd the car of day.

Their near approach, alarm'd the threaten'd town,
And now, death wore, a formidable frown.
He fill'd the battlements of hoſtile walls;
To right, and left, ſuſtain'd by Troops of Gauls;
Canadians

Canadians black, fill'd up the howling rear :
And female ſhrieks, and tremor, and pale fear ;
And ſhatter'd flaming domes, cloſe at their heels appear !

Now *Montcalm*, dares t' evacuate the trench :
(Six thouſand Britons, brave ten-thouſand French.)
Montcalm, whoſe name is brought, by fame from far;
In battle brave ; and much expert in war :
On whom, all France, and *Lewis*, had an eye,
On whoſe try'd conduct, chiefly they rely ;
Montcalm, who had ſo long, great *Wolfe* withſtood ;
And as a Dam, repels a mighty Flood ;
(Well vers'd in war, back'd by Canadian Force,)
Stopp'd the brave Warrior, in his rapid courſe :
Thus at a bay, retarded, (not repell'd ;)
Cape-Breton's ſcourge, and England's Troops were held.

Nought can the will of mighty Fate oppoſe ;
For *Montclam* dares, and *Wolfe* with ardour glows.

The hour is come, and now their eager feet
Advance with ſpeed, in fierce aſſault to meet;
And with a hoſtile frown, each other greet.
So *Anthony*, dar'd *Cæſar* once t' oppoſe;
And ne'er ſince then, till now, met two ſuch Foes.

At ſtake, (on fortune of the doubtful day,)
Canadia's weal, and Britain's Honour lay.
Tho' the ſpruce Gauls, and Indians, rudely ſneer'd,
And aſk'd how *Wolfe*, and his eight thouſand dar'd,
To come ſo far, againſt their ſtrong Quebec;
Drawn by fond hope, to give their arms a check?
Adviſ'd He'd go, and this for truth report;
I can't attack, much leſs reduce the Fort;
For *Montcalm* occupies the hoſtile plain;
Whoſe camp I cannot force*, nor charge* ſuſtain.

Wolfe,

** On the arrival of Admiral *Saunders*, with General *Wolfe*, and the Troops, near Quebec, when the French underſtood he had but 8000 troops with him, it is reported, they almoſt ſneer'd at him with diſdain; confiding in the lofty, and ſtrong ſituation of the place; and the almoſt double number of regulars, they had entrench'd, near the town, at the only attackable ſpot, under a bold, enterpriſing, and fortunate General; Monſieur *De Montcalm*, and aſk'd where he had left the keys of Quebec? and in a taunting manner, wou'd have him return, and aſk his King

Wolfe, like a Lion growl'd, when held at bay;
And roar'd an anſwer, on this fatal day.

With reſted arms, behold our Troops advance
To meet the coming num'rous Troops of France.
The Highlanders diſcharg'd, their broad ſwords drew;
And cloſe to battle, with the Frenchmen flew,
The reſt, as fiercely charg'd the troops of Gaul:
When lo, *Wolfe*'s wriſt, was broken by a ball.
(Sound was his Heart,) He wrapp'd it up undreſt,
And (unconcern'd,) among the foremoſt preſt.
Like to a Lion, whom the dogs ſurround,
By hunters vex'd, and rouz'd by painful wound;
The fearleſs Beaſt, will all their terrors dare,
He growls, and foams, and ſhakes his ſhaggy hair:

King for them; for he cou'd not force the bars of their gates: not daring to approach near enough; becauſe Monſieur *De Montcalm* occupy'd the vacant plain, and form'd a living out-work round their rampart, too dreadful for his near approaches; and before whoſe war he cou'd not ſtand, if he choſe to evacuate the trenches, and give him battle! but how contrary the great, (and almoſt unhop'd for) Event, of all theſe Vaunts was, every one is ſo well acquainted with it, that it needs no recital here. And I wiſh I cou'd ſay, needs no grief, for the loſs of ſo great a Patriot, and brave Commander,

Aloft they ſtand, nor dare provoke the fight;
He roars aloud, with new collected might:
With rage indignant now, his Tail he ſwings;
He looks, and in a ſtorm of death he ſprings;
O'er horſes, dogs, and men, his courſe is bent;
Whoſe bodies ſtrew the way, the gen'rous ſavage went.

Thus with a rage, moſt Lion-like, he turn'd;
(His indignation, 'gainſt the Frenchmen burn'd:)
Piercing reſiſtleſs thro' the French array;
(And breathleſs carcaſes point out his way:)
Where-e'er he turns, death finds an ample prey.
Thouſands recede, and thoſe who dare to ſtand,
Are hewn in lanes, by his victorious band!

A wound, e'er long, a ſecond bullet gave,
And in his belly, dug a ſanguin'd grave.
(Fearing his wounds might ſpread a wild diſmay,
And fix the dubious fortune of the day:)
With well diſſembled eaſe, he onward trod,
Whilſt crimſon'd life, (unſeen,) in torrents flow'd!

In

In that dread fight, at fam'd Thermopylæ!
So * ebb'd the Spartan's ſtream of life away!
Whilſt He alone, (with hoſtile Hoſts inclos'd,)
Hew'd waſteful voids! and all their pow'r oppos'd!
Who, (tho' a King, in freedom's glorious cauſe,)
Fell a glad victim, for his Country's laws!
Millions of thronging darts, obſcur'd the ſkies;
He falls, all o'er one wound, no more to riſe!
Fix'd as a Rock, his Fame, his Honour never dies.
So bleeding *Wolfe* march'd on, without diſmay;
To glory's goal, He mark'd his purple way.

But ah! alas! 'gainſt Fate, what proof is found!
His manly breaſt, receives a mortal wound.

* Long after *Leonidas*, (the gallant King of Lacedæmon, in the battle at the paſs of Thermopylæ,) had receiv'd a wound in his flank from a ſpear; He ſtill ruſh'd on, bore nations down! thinn'd the thick wedg'd growing ranks of Barbarians! and roll'd the Aſian legions back confounded, with his impetuous charge! till faint with loſs of blood, and pain, his body throng'd with wounds, o'erweary'd with the long continu'd battle, almoſt fated with ſlaughter, & born down by millions, He fell, a noble inſtance of that magnanimity, with which the ſpirit of freedom animates a Patriot's Soul!

Tho' ſinking down, amid the gloom of death,
The Patriot's boſom glow'd with martial wrath;
And whilſt the ſhades of night upon Him ſteal.
Moſt anxiouſly demands, Do we prevail?
He heard we did, and e'er the Hero dy'd,
He own'd Himſelf compleatly ſatisfy'd!
Cato, ſelf-wounded fell, thro' proud diſdain;
But *Wolfe*, in fight, was honourably ſlain.
Th' unwelcome fatal news, to England flies;
And whilſt the loud acclaims of joy ariſe,
For Conqueſt, on Canadia's cruel ſhore;
They mourn the Hero, and his loſs deplore.
Maternal fondneſs, heart felt grief expreſs'd;
And all the Mother, ſtood to view conſeſs'd:
Fondly abſorb'd, ſhe ſeem'd, in briny woe;
And ſympathizing Britain felt the blow:
The mighty, warlike GEORGE, too condeſcends,
To own his worth, and Royal pity blends.
Then ſigh'd, the much renowned Ligonier;
(Heroes hold Heroes, eminently dear.)
The much lov'd *Pitt*, his eloquence diſplay'd,
In due encomiums, on the worthy dead:

Such

Such was his Rhet'rick; (ſuch the force of truth,)
So great the actions of the Gen'ral's youth;
In Lords, and Commons, ſuch the grateful flame,
They vote a Monument of laſting fame;
With glorious Truth, his Honour to diſplay,
Till Marble-blocks, (themſelves,) ſhall fade away.
The living Leaders, gain'd a due regard;
BRUNSWICK applauds, and Britain ſhouts reward.
Each Patriot mourn'd, each warring Leader ſigh'd,
With warlike grief, when *Wolfe*, the Hero dy'd.
Among the fair Ones, plaintive murmurs ran;
We've loſt the courteous Warrior! Gentleman!
A ſullen gloom, invades the Engliſh Coaſt,
One of our brighteſt conſtellations loſt:
Yet from our Souls, He never ſhall depart;
Moſt glorioufly intomb'd in ev'ry Heart.
The plebeian * crowd, a grateful ardour felt;
And nobly, with his mournful Parent dealt.

Adjacent

*** I often heard it reported, that the common people, (when news came that Quebec was taken, and General *Wolfe* kill'd;) generouſly refus'd to ring, make any bonfires, or any kind of tumultous joy, where General *Wolfe*'s Mother liv'd; and that the people of ſuperior rank around her, as politely and generouſly refus'd to make an illumination; but ſullenly ſeem'd to ſympathize, and ſhare her grief. A noble generoſity!

Adjacent great Ones*, ſcorn'd to be outdone,
Politely penſive, mourn'd her worthy Son:
No fires* there blaz'd! nor bright illuminations ſhone!
But all in ſecret, (with accuſtom'd light,)
Pity, applaud, and oft recount the fight!

To neighb'ring nations, this your fame ſhall ſound,
In ſad regret, the gen'ral joy was drown'd.
This ſhow'd your value for the Patriot more
Than blazing joy, join'd with deep throated roar.
By ſtriplings (now,) in future days grown old,
This pleaſing tale, ſhall to their Sons be told;
Whilſt *Wolfe*'s ſad Mother, for her Darling wept,
The Tumult round her Dome, in mute Oblivion ſlept!

Hail happy Woman! Mother of a Son!
Who may be equall'd! never be outdone!

This

This be thy boaſt, thy Son, (Britannia's Pride!)
Like great *Leonidas**, and *Titus*† dy'd!

Their

* *Leonidas* was a Spartan King, deſcended from *Hercules*; who offer'd to ſacrifice his life, that *Lacedæmon* might not be entirely deſtroy'd by *Xerxes*, who made an attack upon their Countries, and Liberties, with an Army of about four or five Millions: and as the Delphic Oracle had foretold, a King deſcended from *Hercules* muſt die, to preſerve their Country; *Leonidas* immediately repair'd to that important Paſs, of the much fam'd Thermopylæ, with three hundred of his countrymen; who, with the forces of ſome other cities of the Peloponneſus, together with the Thebans, Theſpians, and the troops of thoſe ſtates; compos'd an army, of near eight thouſand men. With theſe he oft engag'd, ſlew, trod down, and chac'd the Aſians! who might be call'd a hoſt of armies! but for the laſt fatal encounter, he reſerv'd only about fourteen hundred with him, *viz.* about three hundred Spartans; four hundred Thebans; and ſeven hundred Theſpians. With theſe he moſt bravely attack'd the camp of *Xerxes*, forc'd his Way to the royal Pavilion! burnt half the camp! and made an incredible ſlaughter! but at length he fell, overpower'd by Millions! not till He might almoſt be called a Conqueror, even in the Center of the Enemy's Camp.

† *Titus* was a young Roman Warrior, Son to *Æmilius*, Conſul of *Rome*, and Governor of Aquileia; and endu'd with that magnanimity, and Spirit of Freedom, and Valour, for which the ancient Romans, were ſo much fam'd. He made a vigorous ſally on the Camp of Maximin; ſuſtain'd by his Brother *Paulus*, and the valiant *Gartha*, a Numidian Officer in the Troops of *Æmilius*. *Gartha* return'd wounded from the Battle: *Paulus*, and *Titus*, the two Brothers, were ſurrounded by an Hoſt of Foes; born down, and taken Priſoners; not till they had form'd an heap of Carnage round them, and burnt the tower rais'd againſt the wall of Aquileia. But by means of the impetuous rage of the britiſh legions, in the camp of *Maximin*, headed by *Varus*, whom *Maximin* ſlew; they were ſet at liberty, and *Titus*, at the head of their reſiſtleſs war, ſlew *Maximin*. But e'er the battle clos'd, receiv'd his mortal wound, and died in *Aquileia*.

Their dying arms, gave num'rous foes a check!
Thy dying Son, was Conq'ror at Quebec!
At noon of life, his Glory's race was run!
Bright as meridian blaze, his ſetting Sun!
England will ever hold his mem'ry dear!
From age, to age, the name of *Wolfe* revere!

For *Wolfe* firſt roſe, and with a dreaded frown,
Ruſh'd on the Gauls, and preſs'd toward the town;
And with his little army, dar'd advance,
Againſt ten thouſand regulars of France:
With many Indian tribes, drawn from afar,
For ſcalping ambuſh, and the butch'ring war;
(But theſe, to combat fair, ſcarce ever dar'd,
Where biting Caledonian broad Swords glar'd:
To ambuſcades they run, in ſhade they lie;
Nor ſtand the Light'ning of an Engliſh Eye!)

As billows ſpread, when daſhing on a Rock;
(Which ſtands unmov'd, amid the pond'rous ſhock;
They fall in froth, and foam, on ev'ry ſide,
Blended, and loſt, amidſt the briny tide:)

So

So when their Troops, our frowning Troops beheld;
Receiv'd their ſhock, and found themſelves repell'd;
And ſaw fierce Highlanders, their broad Swords wield,
They ſoon fell off, diſorder'd, thro' the field.
Now fell brave *Wolfe*, whoſe preſence oft inſpir'd
With warlike glow, and ev'ry warrior fir'd.

The brave defenders of Britannia's weal;
Which fought round *Wolfe*, and ſaw grim death prevail,
Rous'd by eſteem, and love, (with mighty rage,)
Prepar'd moſt fiercely, with the foe t' engage:
(Each lov'd the Man, the Warrior all eſteem'd;
Their Leader, Friend, and martial Father deem'd.)
Revenge! revenge! injur'd Britannia calls!
(As mighty cat'racts roar from lofty falls!)
They ſhout! unite! and ruſh upon the Gauls!
And like a pond'rous overwhelming flood!
They ſwept along! and glutted death with food!
And Frenchmen mourn'd *Wolfe*'s fall, in ſtreams of blood!

Howe,

Howe, and his Infantry*, amid the doubtful field,
Round the left flank, and rear, in semicircle wheel'd;
A living Rampart form'd, a fierce offensive Shield.

By these, the charging enemy, were oft repell'd;
Broken, dispers'd, o'eraw'd, and at due distance held;
Or down in carnage trod, in close engagement fell'd.

E'er Gallia's Troops, to wild disorder yield;
Reluctant next, brave *Monckton* quits the Field.
Oft frowning turn'd, and ey'd the hostile Gauls;
Like great *Eneas*†, near Laurentum's walls.
Soldiers, and Sailors, jointly, all agreed,
Bold *Monckton* wou'd have done, what *Townshend* did.
Did *Townshend*'s bosom, glow with martial flame?
Monckton had ardour, equal to the same.

Did

* It is said, in an account of the battle, that Col. *Howe*, with his light infantry, cover'd the left wing, and rear, in such a manner, entirely to frustrate the attempts of the enemy's Indians, and Canadians, upon that flank.

† Whilst the Trojans, under the Command of *Eneas*, were treating with the Rutilians, &c. near the walls of Laurentum in Italy; *Eneas* receiv'd an arrow in his thigh, and immediately the battle began; from whence he retreated with great reluctance.

Did *Townſhend* brave th' impetuous gallic wrath?
So *Monckton* dar'd! midſt ſhow'rs of leaden death.
Was *Townſhend* there, a Gen'ral in command?
In that exalted rank, might *Monckton* ſtand.
Was Honour, Death, or Vict'ry, *Townſhend*'s aim?
Conqueſt, or Death, was gallant *Monckton*'s claim.
Each with indiff'rence, hoſtile dangers view'd;
And the great End, with Souls reſolv'd purſu'd.
Monckton led on, to fierce encounter bent;
Till thro' his lungs, the rapid ball was ſent.
Th' ill fated bullet, nipt his Soul's deſign,
And ſent him wounded, from th' advancing line.
He fain wou'd reap the honour of the day;
But Fate demands Him from the glorious Fray.

As fierce *Achilles*, on the Phrygian Plain,
When brave *Patroclus*, was by *Hector* ſlain;
And ſage *Ulyſſes*, from the battle ſent,
Came limping, wounded, near the Hero's tent;
Frowning, ruſh'd on, in mighty tranſport toſt,
And with his Pow'rs, re-join'd the friendly Hoſt;

He,

He, and his myrmidons, like torrents flow'd ;
Repell'd ! bore down ! and o'er the Trojans trod !
So *Townſhend*, and his Troops, whilſt Glory calls,
Impetuous ruſh'd upon the ſcatt'ring Gauls.

Howe, *Murray*, *Fraſer*, thirſting after Fame ;
Burton, and *Dalling*, kindling into Flame,
With eager ſpeed, towards the Frenchmen throng,
And to the charge, urge Britain's Troops along.
Conſpicuous they, 'mongſt hardy ranks appear,
In front, in flanks, the center, or the rear ;
Macdonald, *Ince*, with equal Glory ſhine,
Fam'd in the glorious War of fifty nine.
Leaders, and Soldiers, with one warring Soul,
Thro' Blood, and Flame, and Deaths, to Honour's gaol,
Onward they plung'd, with Veng'ance fiercely pleas'd :
With ſanguin'd graſp, the Palm of Vict'ry ſeiz'd.
The dying *Wolfe*, the ſhouts of Conqueſt heard,
The welcome ſound, the bleeding *Monckton* chear'd.

As

As when a gen'rous* Bull, has broke his chain,
Lays heaps, on heaps, o'er all the frighted plain,
Sweeps thro' the throng, and with reſiſtleſs wrath,
Spurns, toſſes, gores, and tramples crowds to death.
So thro' the ranks of war, *Macpherſon* hew'd;
With martial ſoul, and manly arm endu'd:
Tho' with the weight of weak'ning years oppreſt,
Finds youthful ardour, glowing in his breaſt!
That weight of years, no longer ſeems to feel;
But deals out death, with bright avenging ſteel!
Or as the ſons of Scotland, once before,
When they deſcended on Cape-Breton's ſhore;
Forc'd through the French, with fierce Herculean might,
And triumph'd 'midſt the dangers of the fight:

H He

* As it is not accuſtomary here, to beat a Bull; perhaps it needs an explanation. In Old-England, they bring a Bull, and faſten to a ſtake, with a chain; and ſet what we call Maſtiffs, or Bull-Dogs at him: and ſometimes, inrag'd, he breaks his chain: the terrify'd crowd, which ſtands round him, hollowing, diſperſe in the utmoſt confuſion! whilſt the foaming Bull, rolls them in heaps! drives on with reſiſtleſs fury, thro' the lanes of Men, and Dogs! born down, by his weight, toſs'd aloft, or troden under his feet, full of terror, and amazement.

He lifts his Sword, and with repeated blow,
As Peasants through a field of barley mow,
He lays the Gauls in heaps, in sanguin'd overthrow!
This saw our Troops, and quick, from Man, to Man,
(As trains of powder blaze,) an ardour ran!
Grown greatly emulous, (with fixed thought,)
Each like a *Hector*, or *Achilles* fought!

The Anstruthers, and Scots, with mutual wrath,
In Frenchmens Bodies oft, their broad Swords sheath,
And onward tread, amid refulgent death.
Where'er they turn'd, a transient Brightness gleam'd;
Which like th' Aurora Borealis seem'd.

Mean while, each diffrent corps, for fight addrest;
With fixed Bayonets, to stand the test:
As bolts, and Lightnings, rive the knotted Oak,
Thro' thick throng'd ranks, of chargingFrenchmen broke!

As

As they grew warm, the Frenchmens hearts grew cold,
Platoons of Soldiers, o'er the Leaders roll'd!
Before the Engliſh charge, (with gallic dread,)
Cohorts receding, tumbled o'er the dead.
Battalions, and Brigades, were * throng'd, with Souls transfix'd;
In heaps, the fighting, wounded, dying, dead, were mix'd!
And as in whirlwinds, on Arabia's coaſt,
(Amid ſurprize!) whole Caravans are loſt;
So theſe born down, before the Britiſh Might,
(Involv'd in fear,) their ſafety ſought in flight.

Now *Montcalm*, flees, amidſt a total rout;
(Canadians yell, and conq'ring Britons ſhout,
And ſpread tumultous terror round about.)
He thought, (like floods, when ſwoln by heavy ſhow'rs,)
Begirt with Gauls, and black Canadian pow'rs,

* It is ſaid, in one deſcription of the battle, that the French Troops, oft throng'd in heaps, at the repeated charges of our Infantry; till at length they ſcatter'd, and commenc'd a total rout, (in the uſual French manner,) full ſpeed to the town.

To ſweep triumphant, o'er the indian plains;
Gave ſavage rage, and cruelty the reins.
The mighty pond'rous taſk, he could not wield;
Nor cou'd Quebec from Albion's Thunder ſhield:
Britannia's Warriors, flung him vanquiſh'd down,
And chac'd his Troops, diſorder'd to the Town.
Th' Artill'ry roar'd upon their broken rear;
Urg'd on their flight, and added wings to fear.
The gallant *Williamſon*, (forgets his age,)
Deſerts his Corps, and full of martial Rage,
(with youthful vigour, fluſhing in his face,)
He joins the Sons of Scotland in the chace.
Oh wond'rous War! oh glorious thirſt of Fame!
Which giv'ſt to age, youth's animating Flame!

Now death, with implements, was amply ſtor'd;
Lurk'd in a Halbert, Pike, Spontoon, or Sword.
In Guns, and Piſtols too, he oft was found,
And flaſh'd out Fate, with moſt unwelcome ſound;
And oft, a broad Sword, gave the deadly wound.

Bougainville's

Bougainville's* Corps, now threaten'd in the rear,
Freſh Troops, with formidable front appear;
As if they wou'd, the nice occaſion catch,
And from our Troops, the infant vict'ry ſnatch.
To take their charge, and their deſign to mar,
Ours fac'd about, and met the coming war:
With efforts weak, they faintly ſtood the teſt;
Soon wheel'd, retir'd, and ran to join the reſt.

The angry Warriors, throng'd towards the Town;
'Midſt Flame, and Blood, and Groans, trod French-
men down:
Quite to the ditch, beneath Quebec's ſtrong Walls,
They chac'd, ran down, and kill'd the trembling
Gauls.

* M. *DeBougainville*, whom the feign'd movements of the Engliſh Troops, had drawn up the river, turn'd back, on diſcovering their real deſign; and now appear'd in the rear of the Army, with a body of 2000 Men. But fortunately, the main body of the French, was by this time ſo broken, and diſpers'd, that the General was able to eſtabliſh his rear, and to turn ſuch an oppoſition on that ſide, that the enemy retir'd, after a very feeble attempt.

The Town ſubmitted, ſtruck with dread ſurprize;
Aloft the Croſs, the Britiſh Enſign flies:
There may it fly, there Britiſh Cannon roar,
Till Wolves leave Prey, and Gauls deceive no more.

AMEN.



THE

THE

SUPPLEMENT,

To the Siege of QUEBEC.

ON that great day, *Wolfe*'s warring ſpirit fled;
And *Monckton*, for his King, and Country bled;
When conq'ring *Townſhend*, chac'd the flying Gauls;
And terror ſhook Quebec's exalted walls:
Whilſt leading fiercely on, to toilſome fight,
Cohorts of Heroes, 'gainſt unequal might,
A brave old Man, judicious *Townſhend* ey'd:
Mark'd how his Sword, with gallic crimſon dy'd,
Roſe like a Comet*, with his flaming train!
And glar'd Deſtruction thro' the hoſtile plain!
How oft alternate * roſe! how oft it ſet!
And ſetting, fell'd a Frenchman * at his feet!

***** In the battle, before the town of Quebec; we had an account, of *Malcolm Macpherſon*, a brave old Highlander, whom General *Townſhend* obſerv'd, (after the Generals, *Wolfe*, and *Monckton*

Saw him behind the heaps of ſlain retire,
To breath a while*, and with collected ire,
Saw him again, addreſs himſelf to fight,
Hew,* and tread down! and put the foe to flight!

He

Monckton, were carried out of the line,) laying about him with uncommon fury; and likewiſe, (tho' he ſo often lifted his ſword, he ſcarce dealt a blow in vain: but at every ſtroke, he fell'd a Frenchman at his feet! the account further ſays, that General *Townſhend* mark'd, when he retir'd behind the heaps of ſlain, (laid dead by his own hand,) to breathe a while, as if glutted with deſtruction! and ſatiated with ſlaughter! and ſaw him pull off his coat, or jacket, and with an heroic ardour, glowing a new, (like an active flame, which had juſt overcome all oppoſition,) hew his way thro' thick throng'd obſtructing ranks of Frenchmen! bearing down, or putting to flight, whoe'er came within the ſemi-zone, form'd by his tremendous ſword! after the battle, General *Townſhend* aſk'd his name, age, and place of abode, or country. He anſwer'd, his name was *Macpherſon*: came from the Highlands of Scotland; and his age was ſeventy-two. The ſword he then fought with, had been in the Family about three hundred years: he eſteem'd it almoſt as his life; and ſeem'd exceedingly alert! and well pleas'd! that he had us'd it on that memorable day, ſo well, againſt the enemies of Caledonia! General *Townſhend*, inſpir'd with noble ſentiments of the brave old Hero's worth, reported his gallant behaviour to his Majeſty; and it is well known, in all the Britiſh Dominions, ſuch his Majeſty loves; who not forgetting his own martial fire; gave him his royal Favour, and a Commiſſion. And it is ſaid, the people of London were not behind-hand, in their gratitude; but when he paſs'd, wou'd cry out with a pleaſing exclamation! there goes the gallant Scotchman! the intrepid Highlander! who laid the French in heaps, at the battle of Quebec! God bleſs the brave old Boy, with his broad Sword! &c.

He ſmil'd, o'erjoy'd! to ſee th' old Man advance
Amid the Carnage, of deceitful France.
With pleaſing horror! view'd the heaps of dead,
Around the worthy Caledonian ſpread;
Conceiv'd him ſtraight, the Terror of the day,
Deſign'd by Fate, to glut grim death with prey.

The battle o'er, our Troops return'd from chace;
Townſhend demands his age, his name, and place.
Stern he reply'd, *Macpherſon* is my name;
From Scotia's hills, a Volunteer I came.
Years, ſeventy-two, their influence have ſhed,
And roll'd ſucceſſive, o'er my hoary head.
This Sword I wield, now ſtain'd with hoſtile gore,
For near three hundred years, my Fathers wore;
Good northern temper'd ſteel, a truſty blade,
With which my Anceſtors great havoc made:
This I hold dear! this as my Life I prize!
(And Terror glanc'd from both the Warrior's Eyes.)
With this Sword arm'd, both them, and I oppoſe,
The fraudful French, and Caledonia's Foes.

This

This Royal GEORGE, from *Townſhend*, quickly knew ;
Who gave the brave old Hero all his due ;
Our martial King, beſtows on him regard,
Gives Royal Favour, and a great Reward :
Applauding crowds, with joy ! his worth proclaim !
And grateful Britain, ecchoes back his fame.

Gallia, no more we'll threat with hoſtile frown,
For GEORGE's ſmiles, can pull her grandeur down.
Approving Majeſty, her ſchemes can marr,
And rouze our Troops, to glory and to war :
Whilſt with the Royal Smile, their Labour's crown'd,
In each Platoon, ſome Heroes will be found.

End of BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONflans *sails from Breſt, to invade England. Chaces Commodore* Duff's *Squadron. The Chatham, Capt.* Lockhart, *aſtern of the Fleet, near being taken. His anixcty during the chace: but on ſeeing Admiral* Hawke's *Fleet, tacks upon the chacing Enemy, (who ſtagger'd in their reſolutions,) and begins the chace himſelf. Admiral* Hawke, *bearing down into the center of the French Fleet, ſinking the Superbe, and attacking Adm.* Conflans; *who flees, and runs on ſhore.*

Capt. Speke, *in the Reſolution, attacking, and taking the Formidable, the French rear Admiral.*

Lord Howe, *in the Magnanime, attacking, overpowering, and driving on ſhore the Heros.*

The Hon. Auguſtus Keppel, *in the Torbay, attacking, and ſinking the Theſee.*

Capt. Baird, *in the Defiance.*

Capt. Shirley, *in the Kingſton.*

Capt.

Capt. Mapleſden, *in the Intrepid.*

Sir John Bentley, *in the Warſpight.*

Capt. Storr, *in the Revenge.*

Capt. Rowley, *in the Montague.*

Capt. Gambier, *in the Burford.*

Capt. Dennis, *in the Dorſetſhire. And*

Capt. Obrien, *in the Eſſex. All bearing down to Admiral* Hawke's *aſſiſtance, and engaging.*

The anixety of the reſt of the Captains aſtern, who cou'd not poſſibly come into the engagement; crouding ſail, and driving down to battle! The rout! diſperſion! and flight, of the French Fleet, on ſhore, up the River Villaine, &c. Great-Britain's joy! and Gallia in tears! as the conſequence of the Engagement.

WAR:

BOOK IV.

GALLIA's ill Fate, ſtill mightily prevails;
See, next from Breſt, invading *Conflans* ſails;
Of conqueſt dreams, and England over-run;
Like *Phæton*, mounts the Chariot * of the Sun *:
Like him, (triumphant,) wrapp'd in gallic Blaze,
He thought to drown Great-Britain in amaze!
But met *Hawke*'s glance, and retrograde retir'd,
And ignis fatuus like, his Flame expir'd.
(This *Lewis*, ſuits thy ſchemes on Britain's ſhore,
Thyſelf, thy Leaders led, by Pompadour.)

When

** Le Soleil Royal, in Engliſh, the Royal Sun. And in *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſis, we have *Phæton* driving the chariot of the Sun, and daſh'd from the ſeat by *Jupiter*.

When first from Brest, the threat'ning *Conflans* sail'd,
(In naval war,) he seemingly prevail'd:
He crouded * after *Duff*†, with eager chace,
Which train'd him on to *Hawke*, and French disgrace.

Lockhart,

* It is a common term at sea; when ships are in full chace, and make what sail they can, that they crouded after one another, with all the sail they cou'd pack.

† When Admiral *Hawke*, with the British Fleet, first came in sight of Monsieur *Conflans*, aud the French Fleet; he was in full chace of Commodore *Duff*, and his little Squadron of Frigates, &c. with the Chatham, Capt. *Lockhart*, among them. The Chatham was a-stern of our Fleet, and very near the Enemy, & consequently, not making that speed off, the Frigates, and the rest of the Fleet did, he must soon have fall'n into the hands of the Enemy; without some friendly assistance from larger Ships, with heavier metal, than what *Duff*'s Squadron carried; and which in that circumstance, he cou'd scarce flatter himself shou'd arrive so soon, (and even unexpectedly,) as it did, to England's, and his great joy! brave *Hawke*'s Honour! and those bold Commanders which were with him! and to the great Joss, and infamy of *Conflans*, and the gallic Nation! for had not Admiral *Hawke* arrived to his assistance, the most romantic person living, (with the least shew of reason,) cou'd not have expected Capt. *Lockhart*, to have begun a desperate, (and I may say hopeless) engagement, with the first Ship that shou'd have come up with him; when there were twenty-one sail of line of battle Ships, bearing down upon him, with three Admirals. But so soon as Admiral *Hawke*, and the English Fleet appear'd, he tack'd immediately, on the headmost Ships of the chacing Enemy; singled out the Heros, which had been a little shatter'd by some of our Ships, as they pass'd, and gave her two broadsides, e'er she struck to the Magnanime, Lord *Howe*, who bore down to close engagement with her; and to whom she struck, but afterwards went on shore.

Lockhart, who oft, had wond'rous odds oppos'd,
Now deigns to flee, by hoſtile odds inclos'd.
In iron wombs, th' unequal war drew near;
Reaſon ſuggeſts his flight, but not his fear.
Had *Conflan's* ſelf, the Chatham chac'd alone,
Let Britons judge, what *Lockhart* wou'd have done;
Perhaps that day, ſuch deeds had been atchiev'd,
England might boaſt; tho' France, and Britain griev'd.
But now he flees, yet with a ſullen frown,
He ey'd the Fleet, to battle bearing down;
Oft he reſolv'd to fight, with wonted glow;
As oft reſolv'd, to flee before the foe:
Reaſon, and Courage, fill'd him with regret!
Like wind, and tide, inraging conflict met!

So flees the Lion's Cub, towards the den,
From deep mouth'd dogs, and troops of armed men:

Promiſcuous

Promiſcuous cries, and ſhouts, his ears aſſail;
Againſt his mighty ſides, he ſwings his tail;
Indignant growls, collected, turns to fight;
Again recedes, and makes a tardy flight.
But now the Sire, comes roaring thro' the plain,
He turns, attacks the foremoſt of the train;
(Wrath fills his eyes, aloft his tail is rear'd,)
So when to view, Great-Britain's Fleet appear'd;
Lockhart, with wonted rage, and fierce delight!
Mark'd out the gallic Hero* for the Fight!
Stung with diſdain to flee, tho' fleets gave chace;
He long'd to wipe a way the late diſgrace;
To battle tack'd, upon the chacing Gauls;
And ſent in thund'ring ſhow'rs, his daſhing balls:
Gave iron proof, urg'd home, made the French Hero ſee,
'Twas mighty odds, mov'd his intrepid ſoul to flee.

No

* The French Ship Heros, a 74 gun-ſhip; to which he gave two broadſides, before ſhe ſtruck, to the Magnanime; Lord *Howe*; and who engag'd her, and to whom ſhe ſtruck.

No ſooner *Hawke*, ſaluted *Conflans*'s ſight,
His ſlacken'd ſails hung ſhiv'ring * in affright:
Like their commander's, every ſhip appear'd;
And flutt'ring * ſails flapp'd out, what Frenchmen fear'd:
The chace of *Duff*, they ſeemingly repine,
And diſconcerted, drew into a line:
They ſeem'd to ſee their rout, and overthrow,
Whilſt waiting for the formidable foe;

** Whoever has been on the ſea, doubtleſs hath obſerv'd, that when a ſhip luffs up, (as the ſailors call it, that is braces about,) with her head to the wind, with an intent to lye by, (as they term it.) The topſails, and courſers, ſhiver in the wind, and flap againſt the maſts, ſhrouds, &c. as the ſhip plunges, and rolls, for want of a proper head way thro' the water. So Conflans, and his fleet, when they hove too; the ſhips might be ſaid to expreſs their terror; on account of the agitation of their hulls, and the tremor, and ſhiv'ring of their ſails: (as trembling, is generally allow'd to be a true ſign of fear.) And they might be ſaid to be in fear, on another account; for it was obſerv'd, that they drew into a ſort of a diſorder'd line, and ſeem'd quite confus'd! like a man on the brink of an impending precipice, below which, the rugged rocks riſe in dreadful ſpires, and he condemned to plunge precipitate from thence. So Conflans, and his fleet, by their behaviour, ſeem'd to fluctuate in their intentions; as if afraid to fight! aſham'd to run! and dreading the conſequence of an equal number of line of battle ſhips, bearing down upon them! mann'd with Engliſhmen! and arm'd with engines, whoſe wombs were pregnant with flaming roar! with iron, and with leaden death! ready to burſt from ev'ry ſide, and cruſh their navy in oblivion! and I think the event fully declar'd what their intentions were, by their behaviour, when the battle began; the greateſt part of them running away like a terrify'd brood of chickens, from a Hawk, which ſouſes near them, and ſcarce ſtaying even to fight their way; but made what ſpeed they cou'd on ſhore, up the Villaine, &c.

Who plung'd promiſcuous on, with naval rage,
As if ambitious who ſhou'd firſt engage.

So when the Vulture chaces thro' the air,
A young fledg'd Eaglet, (yet the mother's care;)
The tow'ring bird, (imperial,) from the ſkies,
On ſounding pinions, to his reſcue flies,
In dread, the Vulture ſlacks the rapid chace;
Flutters, and hovers ſtill around the place;
Receives the Eagle's ſhock, and in affright,
From chacing, ſpreads his wings in ſhameful flight.

The hoſtile fleets, now near each other glide;
And load with future death, the briny tide;
So high in air, the gath'ring tempeſt flies,
In pitchy clouds, (which at a diſtance riſe;)
Nearer they roll, a gloomy concave form;
Together claſh, down comes the rattling ſtorm:
Now wakes the roar, and on the tempeſt rolls,
The bolts, and light'nings fly, the thunder growls:
So cannons roar, in clouds the ſhips are hid;
And French, and Britiſh tars, alternate bleed.

Round,

Round, and grape ſhot, and barr'd, make dreadful
wreck;
Sails, topmaſts, men, and blocks, beſtrew the deck:
Guns are diſmounted, limbs from bodies tore,
Whilſt thro' both ſides, the rapid bullets bore;
Wide gaps they rend, as thro' the ſhips they paſs;
And ſhrouds,* & ſtays,* hang dangling by the maſt.
The human blood, in crimſon torrents flows,
With fiercer rage, each naval warrior glows;
And whilſt they eagerly for victʼry burn,
Volleys, and broadſides (givʼn,) they angrily return.

As thundʼring Jove, the wrathful bolts prepar'd;
And wrapp'd in flame, the vengʼance high uprear'd;
With roar impetuous, down the ſtorm he hurl'd
'Gainſt Phæton, driving round the burning world.
Unerring roll'd, the great æthereal war,
And daſh'd him from Apollo's flaming car.

So

* * The ſhrouds, are ſeveral large ropes, faſten'd at the maſt-head, and come down to the larboard, and ſtarboard ſide; there faſten'd to the chain plates, to ſupport the maſt, in the rolling of the ſhip, and when they carry ſail, and to theſe the rattlings are fixed, to go to the maſt-head by. The ſtays are much for the ſame uſe, only they come down to the ſide, &c. on a ſlant, and are deſign'd to preſerve the maſt in its poſition, when the ſhip bounds oʼer the waves, or plunges with a ſudden jerk from the ſummit of a watry hill, that it may not fall aft, or pitch forward over the ſhip's head.

So *Hawke* bore down, amid the Gallic fleet,
And *Conflans* fought, with like aſſault to greet;
Larboard,* and ſtarboard,* ev'ry foe repell'd;
But ſtill, the pond'rous war, for *Conflans* held;
O'er French Magnificence, † victorious drove,
Which in a fruſtrate oppoſition ſtrove:
This *Conflans* ſaw, and ſeem'd on battle bent;
And 'gainſt the Royal George, a broadſide ſent:
Who pour'd his torrents fierce, of flame, and balls,
Struck *Conflans* mute, (and terrify'd the Gauls.)
As Phæton drown'd in blaze, ‡ let drop the reins,

And

* * It is the ſea term, for the right and leſt ſide of the ſhip.

† Le Superbe, a French 74 gun ſhip, which bore down bravely between the Royal George, and Le Soliel Royal, to oppoſe Adm. Hawke, who ſtruck her on a careen the firſt broadſide, & the ſecond broadſide ſunk her, The name in Engliſh is Magnificent, or Magnificence.

‡ ‡ ‡ The poets ſay, Phæton being told by his mother, he was the ſon of Phœbus, (that is Apollo,) who drives the radiant car of day: he went to the temple of the ſun, and being owned by his father, who ſwore by Styx, to grant his requeſt; he demanded to drive the chariot of the ſun for a day. Phœbus knowing the great, (and certain) danger of the enterprize, long time diſſuades him from it: but the adventrous youth, (fir'd by an emulation for glory, and ambitious notions of honour,) vaults into the ſeat, after much pre-admonition from his father, who griev'd at the conſequence. He drove on, the horſes ſoon found their new maſter, (or rather new driver,) by the unſkilful guidance of the rein, and the chariot wanting its proper poize. They grew headſtrong, and hurried him thro the cœleſtial regions; now with a rapid flight, deſcending near the earth; again, bounding aloft, they whirl'd him thro' the immenſe ſpace of Æther! then ſtarting wide, to right, and left, plung'd among the conſtellations! he dropp'd

the

And madly drove along th' æthereal plains,
The mighty whirl, oppreſs'd his ſoul with fear;
He ſat appall'd, ‡ amid the wild career;
No longer now, the foaming ſteeds confines,
'Twixt Leo, Urſa, and the Scorpion ‡ ſigns:
He fear'd t' advance, wou'd backward fain retreat;
And quit Apollo's car, and flaming ſeat.
So *Conflans,* from the Bay, wou'd abſent be:
From *Hardy, Howe,* & frowning *Hawke* wou'd flee.
Backward he drove, while pannic fears prevail,
And left the chariot of the bright Soliel: *
Shunn'd the loud ſtorm, 'midſt which, brave *Hawke* career'd!
The Britiſh bolts, and Engliſh light'nings fear'd!
To Gallia's ſhore, and certain ſhipwreck, ſteer'd!

Each

the reins, and ſat appall'd, amidſt the career! was afraid to advance, and could not retreat: but grew terrify'd, amidſt the frightful monſters of the ſkies! and a new pannic aſſail'd his heart, as the chariot of the ſun approach'd the Scorpion, and when (with the intenſe heat) he ſaw him ſweat in his poiſon! the conſequence of all this is, the Heavens are drain'd of all their moiſture; the earth is parch'd; the ſea boils to its bed; and all nature lies gaſping in one univerſal calenture! at length, Jove lifted the avenging bolt; and with unerring aim, ſent it wing'd with lightning, and daſh'd him from Apollo's car!

* When Admiral Hawke had ſunk the Superbe, he bore down upon Conflans, who ſtood one broadſide, and ran, making a ſignal for all the fleet to do the like; and at laſt, rather than fight Admiral Hawke, he drove on ſhore, and his ſhip was burnt; after being quitted by Conflans and his crew.

Each ſternmoſt ſhip, to cloſer action glides;
And bellows death, from fulminating ſides.
Rouz'd to ſee *Hawke*, midſt dangers, ſmoak, and flame,
They crouded ſail, and to the battle came.
As hungry Lions, (pawing to engage,)
With laſhing tails, will work themſelves to rage;
So theſe, to patriot wrath, their ſouls had wrought;
For board, and board, ſeem'd ev'ry warrior's thought.

The gallant *Speke*, * with Reſolution * arm'd;
True Briton like, for great atchievements warm'd;
Down from the ſtaff, the hoſtile banner tore;
And ſilenc'd all the Formidable's * roar:
And *Howe*,† Magnanimous! † with courage ſtor'd,
Bore down, and clapp'd the Heros cloſe on board;
Who ſtruck, o'erpower'd, no longer dar'd t'engage;
While Theſee ‡ ſunk, beneath brave *Keppel*'s rage.

Baird,

* * * Capt. Speke, commanded his Majeſty's ſhip, Reſolution; engag'd the Formidable; the French rear Admiral, and took him, after a deſperate cannonading.

†† Lord Howe, in his Majeſty's ſhip Magnanime, engag'd the Heros, board, and board, which in little odds of half an hour, did ſo much execution, that ſhe ſtruck; but afterwards drove on ſhore.

‡ The honourable Auguſtus Keppel, in the Torbay, engag'd the Theſee, and ſunk her the ſecond broadſide.

Baird, § for renown, moſt reſolutely ſtrove,
And thro' the line, with bold Defiance § drove:
Two line of battle ſhips, (with hoſtile roar,)
Down on his ſhip, to cloſe engagement bore:
Their joint attack, he bravely ſcorn'd to ſhun,
But gave 'em roar, for roar, and gun for gun.

Intrepid* *Mapleſden,* * and *Bentley* * bold;
Thro' the French line, 'midſt gloomy veng'ance roll'd;
Whilſt *Rowley,*|| *Gambier,*|| *Dennis,*|| onward croud,
Like Jove's artill'ry, in a thunder cloud,
And brave *Obrien,*|| join'd the concert loud.
Shirley, † as bravely join'd the warlike throng,
And hurl'd deſtruction, as he plung'd along.
With England's dread Revenge, ‡ *Storr* ‡ fiercely came,
And roar'd out Frenchmen's fate, in Britiſh flame.

Reſolv'd

§ § Capt. Baird, commanded the ſhip Defiance, and engag'd.

* * * Capt. Mapleſden, commanded the ſhip Intrepid, and engag'd. Sir John Bentley, in the Warſpight, likewiſe engag'd.

|| || || || Capt. Rowley, in the Montague; Capt. Gambier, in the Burford; Capt. Dennis, in the Dorſetſhire; and Capt. Obrien, in the Eſſex; all likewiſe engag'd. And here I ſhou'd have mention'd Capt. Campbell: but as I have mention'd Admiral Hawke, in the Royal George; and as it is well known Mr. Campbell is Captain of the Royal George, it may be taken for granted, Capt. Campbell was in the midſt of danger, and in the very center of the engagement.

† Capt. Shirley commanded the Kingſton, and engag'd.

‡ ‡ Capt. Storr commanded the Revenge, and engag'd.

Reſolv'd they fought, by *Hawke*'s example fir'd;
And Gallia's fleet confuſedly retir'd;
Whilſt ſome in tardy blaze, conſume away,
And add new horrors, to the dreadful fray.
Here lower maſts, are tumbled o'er the ſide,
There ſhips deſcend, amid the briny tide,
Which all their flame, & harmleſs thunder drown'd;
Whilſt *Hawke*, and Britons ſhout, with conqueſt crown'd.
Thoſe, whom ill fortune from the fight detain'd,
With viſible regret, aſtern remain'd.
For war they burn'd, with warring hearts elate,
But mortals cannot guide the hand of fate:
Altho' their ſouls, the ſhips anticipate.
When ſtern Achilles, (with remorſeleſs mind;)
The field * of fame, the toils of war * declin'd,
Between

** In the ſixteenth book of Homer's Illiad, we have Achilles, ſpeeding from tent to tent, and warming the hearts of the myrmidonian leaders, juſt going to battle, (to ſave the Grecian fleet,) under the conduct of Patroclus; and we have them, and the troops repreſented, as ſtanding round their Chief. A grim, terrific, formidable band! like voracious wolves, ruſhing a hideous throng, to ſlake their thirſt, after a glut of ſlaughter! and preſent a deathful view! and we may judge of their uneaſineſs, and regret, at being detain'd from the battle, by the expreſſions which Achilles uſes to them; calling them far fam'd! fierce! and brave Myrmidons! tells them to think with what threats they dar'd the Trojans! and what reproach his ears had ſo long endur'd! calling him ſtern Son of Peleus! whoſe rage defrauded them of ſo fam'd a field! &c. and adds, lo! there the Trojans! this day ſhall give you all your ſouls demand! &c.

Between the rampart, and the ſwelling flood,
The fretful Myrmidonian leaders ſtood.
Oft as they heard the animating ſhout,
Oft as they ſaw the Grecians put to rout,
As oft their mighty ſouls were in a glow,
To ruſh all clad with death, upon the chacing foe.

So theſe croud on, vex'd with heroic rage,
To ſee their friends, and countrymen engage:
At each broadſide, they glow'd with fiercer flame,
To reap the harveſt of immortal fame.
For deſp'rate battle, ev'ry boſom burn'd,
The tardy progreſs of the veſſels mourn'd.
The topmaſts bend, ſails ſplit, and halliards break,
The dormant thunder, on each well clear'd deck,
In hollow tubes, from ev'ry yawning ſide,
Portended dreadful, o'er the ſwelling tide.
Each Britiſh tar, well pleas'd, to quarters ſtood,
(And ponder'd on the future ſcene of blood,)
As on they labour'd thro' the briny flood.
No diſcontented tar like hints we hear,
As if they lagg'd, inſpir'd by grov'ling fear:
No lack of courage, to their charge is laid;

They caught each blaſt; each uſeful ſail was ſpread:
Full on the Gallic line, reſolv'd they ſteer'd;
Who tack'd, made ſail, the cloſe engagement fear'd!

Each brave commander, martial zeal expreſt,
And long'd to bring his honour to the teſt:
Seem'd anxious, ſome reſolved foe to meet,
But night came on, and ſav'd the Gallic fleet.
Againſt the yielding foe, our tars complain'd;
And ſlighted conqueſt, eaſily obtain'd.
Each man was full of cool delib'rate rage,
And hop'd the French wou'd ſturdily engage;
Shot, ſtores, and guns, they ſunk amid the main!
And fled for ſafety, to the ſhoal Villaine!
Britain rejoic'd! perfidious Gallia mourn'd!
Her royal navy, taken, ſunk, or burn'd!
Her cities, forts, iſles, towns, and all her ſchemes
o'erturn'd!

End of BOOK IV.

The

The ARGUMENT.

BRITANNIA represented, clad in terrors! and leaning on Pitt *; (like* Achilles, *reclin'd on his spear, after the carnage he had made among the Trojans, in revenge for the death of Patroclus.) A recapitulation of Great-Britain's victories, both by sea and land, the French terror! Thurot rushing forth to war against the English, (like a Tyger, to hunt his prey, without his teeth and claws.) His landing on the Irish coast. Taking Carrickfergus, and laying Belfast under contribution. The Hibernian zeal, and bravery of the few troops there; rending the battlements of the castle of Carrickfergus, and flinging stones on the enemy for some time, after all their ammunition was spent! the consternation of the French at their intrepidity! their sullen submission; (like our gallant troops at Cas.) The French retreat, and reimbarkation. Their joy damp'd (like the Amalekites, who spoil'd Ziklag,) when the Captains Elliott, Clements, & Logie, in the Æolus, Brilliant, & Pallas, bore down to engage. The fight, and Thurot's death; with the French submission. An address to Lewis, with a recital of the gallantry of our matchless tars, and intrepid troops! a few similies on* George *the second; like eagle mounted Jove, directing the thunder against Gaul, &c. &c. &c.*

WAR;

WAR:

BOOK V.

BRitannia, (long, for feats of arms renown'd,)
In terrors clad! with num'rous vict'ries crown'd!
Leaning on *Pitt*, as if to breathe awhile;
She ſtood, and caſt a fierce indignant ſmile!
Like great Achilles, on his ſpear reclin'd,
The war revolving, in his martial mind;
Moſt greatly pleas'd, 'twixt rage, and ſtern diſdain.
He ſmiling, frown'd, acroſs the Phrygian plain,
O'er ſlaughter'd heaps of Trojans, by him ſlain.
So ſtood Britannia, pleas'd, ſerene, ſedate;
Compleatly arm'd, victorioufly elate.
Her dreadful ſhores, appear'd one hallow'd bound;
Her horſe, and foot, rang'd on her frontier ground:
Her navy girded her with terrors round.
At diſtance ſtood, (as thunderſtruck!) the Gaul;
Amidſt Quebec's and Louiſbourg's downfall:

Goree,

Goree, and Guadaloup, in ruin lay;
And Senegal, had felt the like diſmay.
Their fleets, could not our fleets attack ſuſtain;
Some at Lagos, ſome founder'd at Villaine;
Some burnt, ſome ſunk, amid the ſwelling main.
A pannic dread, prevail'd at land, and ſea;
They ſtruck, or fled, in ſwift affright away,
As doves from Jove's imperial bird of prey.
They turn'd their backs, (as wonted) to the chace:
All fear'd, at leaſt few dar'd, to ſhew their face.
Till Thurot roſe, (to hide the Gallic ſhame;)
And raſhly fir'd, ſail'd forth to gain a name:
And like a Tyger, from his lurking den,
Ruſh'd on, ſupported by a thouſand men:
But in ſuch plight, to back his daring cauſe,
He ſeem'd to hunt his prey, without his teeth and claws!
Of this, (perhaps,) the Gaul will proudly boaſt;
He landed on Hibernia's naked coaſt!
So cowards, may the Lions den aſſail,
And boaſt from thence, the new whelp'd cubs they ſteal;

Whilſt

Whilſt both old Lions, thro' the foreſt roam,
And ſearch for prey, far diſtant from their home:
But ſhou'd loud roar, beſpeak the lions near,
As if their final knell, had peirc'd their ear,
They ſteal, (nay fly) away, abſorb'd in ſpeechleſs fear!

This place, *Thurot*, almoſt defenceleſs found,
And boldly dar'd to tread Hibernian ground:
At Carrickfergus, he a plunder made,
And Belfaſt, under contribution laid;
Not till th' Hibernians had their powder ſpent,
And from the baſe, their mural hopes had rent!*
With native zeal! and patriotic glow!
They flung the ramparts * on the charging foe!
Forgetting they expos'd themſelves unarm'd;
So much the battle had their boſoms warm'd.

So

** When thoſe who landed from Thurot's ſquadron, attack'd Carrickfergus, the few ſoldiers, we had there, with an heroic zeal, and with a bloody toil, made them dearly buy their victory! for when all their ammunition was ſpent, they flung the ſtones off the ramparts on the advancing enemies! and held them in play for ſome time, as if they had forgotten the rapid execution of powder and ball; and that whilſt they demoliſh'd the battlements, they left themſelves more expos'd to the enemy's ſhot!

So ruſh'd unarm'd, the Spartan † from the bath,
Seiz'd on his ſpear, and full of martial wrath,
He plung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of foes,
Who thought ſome God had dealt deſtructive blows!
They ſtood amaz'd! † or join'd the tim'rous rout;
Whilſt he ſpread death, and terrors round about!
As ſtood at gaze, the halting * half ſcar'd Gauls!
'Midſt daſhing ſhow'rs, of Carrickfergus walls!
From engines, mortars, ſlings, nor cannon flung!
But from Hibernian nerves, for warlike action ſtrung!

Thus

† † This was a Spartan warrior; who one day, happen'd to be bathing in a city beſieg'd; when the enemy ruſhing ſuddenly, and furiouſly on, had like to have enter'd triumphantly: and on hearing the alarm of war, and that the city was like to be carried by a general aſſault, he leapt from the bath, laid hold of his ſpear, and plung'd among the charging enemy; and dealt his vengeance amongſt the thickeſt ranks; who ſeeing him take ſuch deathful ſtrides! naked, and unarm'd! inclos'd by a brazen, iron, and ſteely war! ſuperſtitiouſly thought ſome deity had aſſum'd a human ſhape, to fling deſtruction thro' their cohorts! and turn the ſway of battle! they ſtood transfix'd, with a religious awe! fell unreſiſting, beneath his oft tranſpiercing ſpear! or join'd the general rout, as he ſtrode to different parts of the field, and chang'd the ſcene of action!

* When the French found themſelves ſo reſolutely oppos'd, by our handful of men at Carrickfergus, after all their ammunition was ſpent; they halted in a ſort of a half ſcar'd gaze, as if in ſuſpence, whether they ſhou'd advance, ſtand the charge, of thoſe few brave men, or make a ſhameful retreat: and doubtleſs, one or two rounds more of Hibernian rhetorick, wou'd have rais'd their pannick to ſuch a height, as to have confirm'd them in an inſtant reſolve, and have made them retire in confuſion!

Thus in a thick deſcending ſtony ſhow'r!
They fought 'gainſt numbers, and ſuperior pow'r;
The charging ſhocks, themſelves, like ramparts bore,
Till they cou'd rend the ſtubborn walls no more:
Then like the troops at Cas; † they ſullen frown'd,
And flung their uſeleſs muſkets on the ground:
Not till like them, they'd well the fight ſuſtain'd,
And from the victors, almoſt vict'ry gain'd!

The news no ſooner reach'd our half ſtarv'd foes,
Our freeborn troops, and brave militia roſe,
Than like a herd of deers, with timid mind,
And hungry wolves, in cloſe purſuit behind;
From Ireland's ſhores, they fled in haſte away,
Quick reimbark'd, and weigh'd, and put to ſea;
And thought (o'erjoy'd!) to make their native ſhore;
With conqueſt flufh'd, and fed with Engliſh ſtore:
But *Thurot* firſt muſt fall, and hundreds more.
So once, Amalekites, weak Ziklag ſpoil'd;
But David's breaſt, with manly ardour boil'd!

He

† It is well known, how fiercely, and reſolutely, our troops at Cas fought, being about fifteen hundred on ſhore, againſt eleven battalions; (and they on friendly ground:) and likewiſe, with what reluctance they ſubmitted to an overpowering enemy, when all their ammunition was expended.

He chac'd, and fought, and kill'd, retook the prey,
Their triumph damp'd, in death, and cold diſmay.

Now *a* Clements, *a* Logie, *a* Elliott, brave, bore down,
To meet Thurot, with formidable frown:
With wonted rage, like England's naval Sons,
They fought, huzza'd, and ply'd Britannia's guns,
Stern Æolus *, began the rough attack;
And flung (untrimm'd,) their bloated ſails aback.
Onward he came, in a moſt direful form,
And roar'd tremendous! in a ſulph'rous ſtorm!
Thro' ev'ry ſhip, a pannic fright prevails:
The tacks grew uſeleſs, as the flutt'ring ſails.
In Brilliant † trim, war's mighty goddeſs ‡ frown'd!
She roar'd in flame! and death was in the ſound!
Elliott, and Clements, and Logie, grew warm;
And near Thurot, they roll'd the loud alarm.
(Thurot, whom (tho' a foe,) we ſcarcely blame,
Who bears a gen'rous, manlike warrior's name!)

aaa The three Captains, of the Æolus, Brilliant and Pallas, which engaged the Belleiſle, Terpſichore, and Le Blond, Monſieur Thurot's Squadron.

* The ſhip Æolus, and Æolus is the god of the winds.

† The ſhip Brilliant, one of the three, which engag'd Monſieur Thurot's ſquadron.

‡ The ſhip Pallas, who with the Æolus, and Brilliant, engag'd Thurot's ſquadron. Pallas is the Goddeſs of war.

To closer fight, they eagerly advance,
Rive the French ships, and check the pride of France.
The fight grew hot, thick flew the English balls;
And death flew fore and aft, among the Gauls:
The brave, the rash Thurot, became his prey!
And terror fill'd the French, with dread dismay;
As twice of late, when Boscawen, and Hawke,
Midst fulminating tars, and clouds of sulph'rous smoke,
To Conflans, & De Clue, in British thunder spoke!
Their guns grew mute, they all for quarter call'd,
And down (in fear,) the Gallic ensigns haul'd.
Again they come, and tread our fatal coast,
Dejected, maim'd, and all their plunder lost.

Lewis! be warn'd, and send thy men no more,
To tread Hibernia's, or Britannia's shore.
Whilst Hawke, Boscawen, Holmes, and Saunders roam,
Abroad for fame; and Pitt commands at home!
Whilst England owns, so many gallant tars;
And brave commanders, for the naval wars:

Whilst

Whilſt Scotchmen, can their dreaded broad ſwords
wield,
With Engliſh, and Hibernians, take the field,
Who with their leaders brave, at danger ſmile;
Firm leagu'd, like troops of death, to guard our
iſle!
Whilſt Britons ſerve great GEORGE, with filial fear,
Who with his Son, and brave old Ligonier,
At Dettingen, like lions, fierce in fight,
Routed main corps, and put gens d'armes to flight:
Whilſt King, and Peers, and Council, hand in hand,
Back'd by the body of the nation ſtand;
Reſolv'd to ſave, wives, children, lands, and laws;
And Heav'n Propitious, ſmiles upon the cauſe!
Thy men, as well, may ſafely think to tread,
Nightly unarm'd, thro' Africa's dread ſhade;
Where lions, tygers, pards, (fierce beaſts of prey,)
Roar in the paſs, and dam the dang'rous way,
As e'er expect, in France, to make their boaſt,
We victors came, from Britain's dreaded coaſt!

As when the riving bolts, are fiercely hurl'd
By Jupiter, to ſcourge the rebel world;

From

From ſtrong Olympus' height, the thunder growls,
And wrapp'd in flame æthereal, onward rolls:
Like eagle mounted Jove, in awful form,
GEORGE, againſt Gaul, directs the thund'ring ſtorm.
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth, with rapid ſpeed He flies,
The Lords, and Commons, venerable, wiſe,
May well be call'd, His eagle's watchful eyes.
His body, neck, and mighty ſweeping tail,
The triple union, Britain's common weal.
To His ſtrong pinions, we may well compare
The Honeſt Pitt! and Brave old Ligonier!
The Tars, and Troops, His talons may be call'd,
By whoſe ſtrong gripe, proud Gallia's ſides are gall'd!
As with his bill, he ſeizes tim'rous hares,
Cruſhes their bones, and them in pieces tears,
Brave Hawke, and Boſcawen, in pieces break
The Gallic fleets, and may be call'd His beak!

End of BOOK V.

The

THE ARGUMENT.

THE French in Canada, (like a man wash'd from a wreck at sea, and striving to gain the shore:) emerging from the wreck of fifty-nine, as if resolv'd on conquest: and to perform something greatly memorable. Their armament in the spring of sixty, and march towards Quebec; join'd by the savage people, in league with them. General Murray, with our other heroic commanders, and troops, rouzing to battle. The disposition of our troops, and by whom headed. The closing of the battle. Major Dalling's behaviour. Him and his officers wounded, and his men rushing on without them, driving the enemy, first broken, to their main corps, and after; to the rear of their army. The French attack on our right. Capt. Ince distinguish'd, with Otway's, and the French twice bravely sustain'd, and repuls'd! the left dispossess the enemy from two redoubts. The reserve brought into action. Rousillon's regiment marching up, and penetrating. General Murray's retreat. Due distance kept by the French. The friendly, (daring) action of an Irish serjeant of Bragg's, left wounded on the field of battle, to preserve an English volunteer from being scalp'd by six Indians. He kills three,

three, and the other three flee. A French officer endu'd with humanity; defends him from the other savages; and that they may not kill them as they threaten'd, he sends both into Quebec. The French attack Quebec, but in vain. The gallant defence made by our troops. The arrival of Commodore Swanton, and the Captains, Schomberg, and Dean. Their attack of the French frigates, &c. above the town, and destroying them. The French desert their trenches, and leave ammunition, baggage, field pieces, mortars, tools, &c. &c. &c. A savage nation joins in league with Great-Britain. The fall of Montreal. An address to the Americans; on the reduction of Canada. The goodness of Providence displayed to Great-Britain, and its colonies. Animadversions on George the Second. His wars, victories, and death; and the sorrow it occasion'd. A re-numeration of his humane qualities, and royal worth. The sorrow for his death, dissipated, by the pleasing reflection of being possess'd of George the Third; ascending the Throne of his much-lov'd Grandfather: possess'd of all his royal virtues, and amiable qualities.

WAR:

WAR:

BOOK VI.

NOW like a man fatigu'd, and wanting breath,
Waſh'd from a wreck, (incircled round with death:
Who plunging on, amid the ſurging roar;
Rais'd on a wave, beholds the welcome ſhore.
The land he views, (with eager longing eyes,)
With efforts ſtrong, each nerve he nimbly plies;
More briſkly ſwims, as if before untir'd,
In hopes to gain the landing place deſir'd:
But ſoon depreſs'd, beneath a boiſt'rous wave;
He ſlacks, deſpairs, and ſeeks a wat'ry grave.
So Gauls, emerging, from the dreadful wreck
Of fifty-nine, advanc'd towards Quebec.
As if forgetting, what they'd lately felt;
The veng'ance, Amherſt, Wolfe, and Saunders dealt!

Reſolved

Reſolved ſeem'd at firſt, the war to wage,
As if inſpir'd with new heroic rage!
But recollecting Wolfe! and fifty-nine!
They ſoon grew cool, and quitted their deſign.

The ſpring arriv'd; the gath'ring troops of France,
With eager ſpeed, towards Quebec advance.
And to the war, (from wild Canadia's lands;)
They drew the fierce, the ſavage ſcalping bands.
Their near approach, our garriſon alarms;
And Murray, Fraſer, Burton, rouz'd to arms,
Their warring zeal burſt forth, in flaming glow!
Midſt piercing cold! midſt chilling froſt, and ſnow!
Active t' infatuate, and counteract the foe!
The brave Macdonald, march'd the foe t' engage;
Who reſcu'd Peyton † from Canadian rage.
With theſe, bold Ince, and Dalling, ſally'd forth;
Pleas'd with the war! and full of martial worth!
Scotch, Engliſh, Iriſh, by theſe heroes led;
Moſt bravely fought! and for their country bled!

Fraſer

† Capt. Macdonald, (a Scotch gentleman,) at the unſucceſsful landing at Quebec, was the means of ſaving Mr. Peyton, (an Iriſh gentleman,) from about 30 Indians, marching down to ſcalp him, after the battle. See the Britiſh Magazine, of January 1760, and my ſiege of Quebec.

Fraſer the brave, in war's dread ſcience ſkill'd,
Led Highland Troops, and *Townſhend*'s to the field.
Laſcelles's, and *Kennedy*'s, with *Fraſer* came;
In queſt of death, or elſe of deathleſs fame;
Theſe the left wing compos'd, and gain'd a glorious Name!

The daring *Murray*, (with a ſtern delight,)
His Troops ſurveys, and ruminates the fight.
Alert they ſtood, with animating glow,
(To give the charge, and ruſh upon the foe;)
They numbers ſcorn'd, and onward march'd elate,
T' outface grim death! and raviſh mighty fate!
Serenely brave, each Soldier ſeem'd to know
'Tis courage aims, and ſtrikes the conq'ring blow;
Quebec's great Conq'ror, *Murray*'s boſom fir'd,
And *Wolfe*, tho' dead, each Warrior's ſoul inſpir'd:
So from the flaming neſt, old Poets ſing,
Another Phœnix, ſtretches on the wing.

Now front, to front, they clos'd, the battle rag'd,
Where *Dalling*'s corps, conſpicuouſly engag'd.

Fiercely the French, the Britiſh charge ſuſtain,
Till backward forc'd, (like chaff,) they ſpread the plain.
Onward the Soldiers ruſh, (unaw'd by fear,)
And leave their wounded* Leaders in the rear;
Chace as they flee, advance as they retire,
Oppoſe the French main corps, and take the gen'ral fire:
Again they rally, charge, again retreat
Back to the rear, and own the rout compleat.

Now on our right, their main corps made attack,
Attempted twice, and twice were driven back.
The great ſoul'd *Murray*, deigns this truth to own,
There *Otway*'s fought, brave *Ince* diſtinguiſh'd ſhone.

Amherſt's

* Here Major *Dalling*, and ſeveral of his Officers were wounded; but his Men ruſh'd on without 'em, and drove the enemy, they firſt attack'd, to the main corps, and afterwards to the rear. For a full account of this, and the whole battle, vide General *Murray*'s letter to the Right Honourable Mr. Secretary *Pitt*, in the Extraordinary Gazette, which contains a perfect account of the whole action, according to the following lines.

Amherſt's, Americans, were there diſpos'd ;
With *Anſtruſther*'s, and *Webb*'s ; theſe the right wing compos'd ;
Stood firm as Fate, (unſhock'd,) when twice the battle clos'd !

Mean while, the left, with emulating glow,
From two redoubts, they diſpoſſeſs'd the foe.
Indians, Canadians, Regulars repel,
Victorious chac'd, or vanquiſh'd, bravely fell.
The* center, and reſerves, their ſtation chang'd ;
Advanc'd and wheel'd, in diff'rent order rang'd.
Our little army, none inactive knew ;
Each felt the ſhock, as warm the battle grew :
Ten thouſand French, by Savages ſuſtain'd,
Three thouſand Britons charg'd, and long the fight maintain'd !

Thus like two ſcales, with equipond'rous weight,
Both parties toil'd, to fix the doubtful fight.

* *N. B.* About this time, the third battalion of Royal Americans, from the reſerve, and *Kennedy*'s from the center, were bro't up to the action. Vide Gen. *Murray*'s letter, and my account of the battle.

The Engliſh Troops, (to battle much inur'd,)
The oft repeated charges firm endur'd:
With minds reſolv'd, call'd all their ardour forth;
And made the Frenchmen feel their warlike worth.
The wounded dropp'd, another ſtraight appear'd,
Sent leaden Fate, or elſe a broad ſword rear'd.

Now Rouſſillon's* march'd up, to freſh attack,
Pierc'd like a wedge, and bore the Britons back.
As growling Lions, on Arabia's Plain,
Hunters, and dogs, in ſlow retreat ſuſtain;
So *Murray*, and his Troops, by might born down,
March ſlowly off, and fierce defiance frown!
As ſlow the French advanc'd, (as if in fear,)
Due diſtance kept, nor dar'd to cloſe the rear:
Dear bought experience, made their forces feel
Th' effect of Bay'net fight, and biting Highland Steel.

To where a Briton, and Hibernian lay,
Six ſcalping-plund'rers, thither bent their way.
Th'

* A French regiment of Rouſſillon, which penetrated.

Th' Hibernian * rous'd, the ſavages drew near,
To ſeize, and ſcalp, an Engliſh Volunteer.
Like gallant *Peyton*†, in the barb'rous ſtrife,
To ſave his Friend's brave *Ochterlony*'s Life;
His weapon launch'd, transfix'd two Indians thro'!
Like Jove's own bolt, aſkance the halbert flew!
The ſecond blow, another ſavage flew!
Tho' thrice his number, ſtill unwounded ſtood,
The ſanguin'd halbert, chill'd their vital blood!
They cow'r'd beneath the blow, (with abject fear!)
As ‡ *Turnus*, when *Æneas* launch'd his ſpear!
To flight, (like genuine cowards,) quick they yield,
And leave th' Hibernian conq'ror on the field!

* This was an Iriſhman, a ſerjeant of *Bragg*'s, who had receiv'd a ſhot in the breaſt, and cou'd not retreat with the reſt; who fell'd two of the Indians at one blow, with his halbert; and with a ſecond blow, kill'd a third; as ſix of them were about to ſcalp an Engliſh volunteer, which lay near him, with a dangerous wound in his leg; and on three being kill'd, the other three fled. This is by letters from America, in the news.

† The intrepid behaviour of Capt. *Ochterlony*, and Lieut. *Peyton*, is mention'd in the unſucceſsful landing at Quebec. The whole ſtory may be read at large, in the Britiſh Magazine of Jan. 1760, and in my ſiege of Quebec.

‡ In the Æneid, 'tis ſaid, *Turnus* cow'r'd in fear, when *Æneas* launch'd his ſpear at him, in combat, before the walls of Laurentum, in Italy.

Perchance there ſtood, within th' Hibernian's call,
A gen'rous great ſoul'd foe! a humane Gaul:
Who with his Corps, (quite void of hoſtile wrath;)
Travers'd the field of carnage, blood, and death.
To him he * call'd; and begg'd he'd ſave their lives,
From ſavage rage, and Indian ſcalping knives:
In anxious ſort, to him, his arms he rear'd,
Who turn'd, and ſaw, and touch'd with mercy heard!
As Sol's bright blaze, diſpels the ſhades of night,
He frown'd, forbid, turn'd human brutes to flight:
Bleſt with a ſoul, compaſſionate, and mild,
He ſmooth'd his brow, and full of pity ſmil'd!
To make the act compleat, he ſtopp'd not here,
But order'd dreſſing, and a decent care:

And

* After the ſerjeant had lain three of the Indians dead, and the other three fled; he call'd to a French Officer which ſtood near him, with many of his men, and begg'd he would be ſo good as to protect them, from being barbarouſly murder'd in cool blood, by theſe barbarians. (For there were ſeveral parties ſtill ſcouting round the field, ſtripping the dead, and murdering, mangling, and ſcalping the wounded, according to their uſual cuſtom.) The Officer very generouſly protected them, and order'd them to a place of ſafety; and to preſerve them from being butcher'd by the ſavages in the French army, (who with the greateſt indignation, and cruel wrath, vow'd revenge for their brothers;) he the next day ſent them under a proper guard into Quebec. A noble inſtance of French Politeneſs! and hoſtile Generoſity!

And then to make the ſavage threat'ning vain,
Who vow'd revenge for ſcalping kinſmen ſlain,
From choſen Gauls, (the ſavages to check,)
Murray receiv'd them ſafely at Quebec.
Had *Richlieu* been like him, politely brave,
Orphans at Zell, had 'ſcap'd a flaming grave.

Mean while, our Troops, back to the fort retir'd;
'Gainſt which the foe, (with hard earn'd conqueſt fir'd,
Indians, Canadians, and the well train'd Gauls,)
With vain attempt, ply'd uſeleſs Bombs, and Balls;
Murray commanded there, and Britons mann'd the Walls.
Engliſh, and French, engag'd with mutual hate;
And guns, and mortars, belch'd alternate Fate:
With hardy Troops, Quebec was amply ſtor'd:
And on the ramparts, ſix ſcore cannon roar'd.
All ſtand the teſt, like links, in one great chain,
Ward off the threaten'd Fate, and well the ſiege ſuſtain.

Now

Now *Swanton*, *Schomberg*, *Dean*, approach'd the walls;
Brought *Murray* joy; but terrors to the Gauls.
Ready for war, with wonted naval glow,
And great vivacity, they fought the foe.
With Engliſh ſpeed, above the town they glide;
Their Souls anticipate the rapid tide;
And faſcination flies from each portending ſide.
When Britain's flag beyond the walls appear'd,
With pannic ſtruck, the daſtard Frenchmen fear'd.
Like wax their hearts became, or melting ſnow,
And ſhipwreck choſe, rather than fight the foe.
Brave *Swanton*, *Schomberg*, *Dean*, each active Tar,
Roll'd on aſtern, in gloomy thund'ring war:
In piſtol ſhot, next board and board, they came;
And hurl'd Great-Britain's fierce deſtructive flame.
A quadrate ruin, 'gainſt the Gauls conſpires;
Rocks, water, tars, and black ſulphureous fires.

Eager for fight, to grapple with the foe,
Reſolv'd to ſtrike, a home deciding blow;

The

The gallant *Dean*, abſorb'd in warlike flame,
To ſhipwreck ſteer'd, and gain'd a laſting fame.

As if the French, were acted by one ſoul,
Or ſympathetic Fate had rul'd the whole;
The Troops on ſhore, (o'erwhelm'd with mighty dread,)
In ſilent terror, from their trenches fled:
Precipitate, retrod their former path;
At Jacques, ſhelter'd from the Britiſh wrath.
Field-pieces, mortars, powder, ſhells, and ſhot;
Proviſion, baggage, tools, were all forgot!
Murray, with unexpected joy, ſurvey'd
The camp, with gallic wealth, profuſely ſpread!
And heaps on heaps, (tenfold,) his former loſs repaid*!
Such was their ſpeed, ſuch their internal fear,
That *Murray* cou'd not overtake the rear!

A

* When firſt General *Murray* march'd out with his Troops, to meet, and oppoſe the French, marching towards Quebec; in his retreat, he left ſeveral field-pieces behind. But now, he found in the enemy's abandon'd camp, ſo many field, or battering-pieces, ſo much baggage, proviſion, ammunition, &c. of every ſort, as would make almoſt a tenfold retribution.

A ſavage nation, (to our rage expos'd,)
In friendly league, with conq'ring Britain clos'd*.

Gauls, and Canadians, ſink, in wild diſmay,
And black deſpair, without one friendly ray;
Whilſt GEORGE, o'er Montreal, extends his
ſov'reign ſway.

Frenchmen, ne'er cou'd Britannia's Troops engage,
Nor ſtand the ſhock of England's fourfold rage:
Theſe

* Whoever reads the extra Gazette, which contains the letter from General *Murray*, (Governor of Quebec,) to the Right Honourable *William Pitt*, Eſq; containing the French ſiege of Quebec, and raiſing the ſiege; with the battle between his, and their Troops; will I believe on the peruſal find, that the encomiums which General *Murray* was generouſly pleas'd to give to the brave, and indefatigable Mr. *Burton*, *Fraſer*, *Dalling*, *Ince*, and *Macdonald*; and the bold and active Commodore *Swanton*, and the Captains, *Schomberg*, and *Dean*, and to all the Troops, and Tars, in general: I ſay, I believe they will find, what he there ſays, to agree with what I have ſaid in my Poem of the ſame. And that the diſpoſition for the battle, was as I have ſaid, under the ſame Leaders, whom he expreſly ſays, headed the different Corps, or Battalions, (if I may ſo call them;) for the Regiments were greatly thinn'd. And they will find in his letter, that ſuch events happen'd, ſuch attacks, and ſuch repulſes, and every other incident, as I have mention'd; except that of the Iriſh ſerjeant of *Bragg*'s, and the Engliſh volunteer, wounded on the field of battle; which was in the news, and ſaid to be by letters from America.

Theſe were Great-Britain's thunderbolts of war;
To gallic ſcalpers, a tremendous Bar!
Their quadrate* union, gave great GEORGE command
O'er the wide tract, of wild Canadia's land.

REJOICE Americans! rejoice, and ſing
Your grateful praiſe, to Heav'n's eternal King.
All ranks, and ages, tune your joyful Tongues;
And to JEHOVAH, raiſe your grateful ſongs!
Who makes dread war, in all your coaſts to ceaſe,
Who gives you reſpite, tho' He gives not peace!
Who hath the ſavage from your borders ſent,
On miſchief, and on fell deſtruction bent!
The murd'ring hatchet, is no longer fear'd,
Th' infernal ſavage yell, no more is heard:
The gallic ſcalping blade, is laid aſide,
So oft, in blood, of both the Sexes dy'd!
Veng'ance,

* By quadrate union, I wou'd be underſtood to mean, the Engliſh, and Provincials, the Scotch, and Iriſh; all united, and aſſiſting each other. And when I mention triple union; I mean, the Engliſh, Scotch, and Iriſh, united.

Veng'ance, is pour'd on cruel *Montcalm's* head;
The gallic-ſavage, *Vadrueil* is dead!
For our defence, the Lord was pleas'd t' appear;
Gave joy! on joy! and baniſh'd ev'ry fear!
With providential arm, our poor endeavours crown'd;
And in a flood of conqueſt, all our troubles drown'd!
On wings of gratitude, let ſongs of joy ariſe,
To Him alone, who rules the Armies of the Skies.

Not for deſert, do we theſe things receive:
But GOD was Kind, and wou'd thoſe mercies give;
For when JEHOVAH ſpoke the World to view,
And Heav'n with radiant Orbs beſpangled grew;
Full to his ſight, the grand production ſtood;
And Wiſdom infinite, pronounc'd it good;
From His high Throne, unnumber'd bleſſings flow,
On all the Nations of the Earth below:
But chiefly, Britain's Iſle, enjoy'd his care;
And down He pour'd his floods of Goodneſs here:
Eternal Wiſdom, flung the Ocean round
Her happy ſeat, and form'd a ſacred Bound.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſweet complacence in the Godhead ſhone,
This great decree, was iſſu'd from his Throne:
Be Albion's Iſle, a glorious, happy Land;
Rule in ſtrange Climes, and o'er the Waves command:
Let plenty, crown her Glebe, and to her Shore,
Let true Religion waft her heav'nly ſtore.
Almighty Preſcience wills, and ſtraight their ſprings
A Race of warring Heroes, mighty Kings!
Whoſe great Portraits, wou'd be too long to draw;
Whoſe wars, ſtruck all the wond'ring World with awe!
Plenty ſprang up, and with cœleſtial ſmile,
Religion came, and bleſs'd Britannia's Iſle.

Great GEORGE the ſecond, now, began his Reign;
Cruſh'd the French Pow'r, when join'd with haughty Spain:
When Gallia's monarque fled a-croſs the Rhine,
The glory of that day, great GEORGE was thine!
Each year the much lov'd Monarch fill'd the Throne,
The Patriot KING, with love paternal ſhone:

England

England was pleas'd, his age he well ſuſtain'd;
He gently rul'd, and in each boſom reign'd.

But *Lewis*, now, to Britiſh lands pretends;
BRUNSWICK arouz'd, the cauſe of truth defends:
Submiſſive Gaul, America, and India bends!
Wiſe Heav'n propitious ſmil'd, when Britons arm'd,
And for ſtern war, the public boſom warm'd:
With one conſent, we all united roſe;
For Liberty we fought, Wives, Children, Laws:
And Heav'n all potent, bleſs'd the glorious cauſe!
Our Tars, and Troops, Britannia's veng'ance hurl'd;
And England's war, affrighted half the World!
Conqueſts, from ev'ry part, in torrents flow'd!
And Vict'ries, on the heels of Vict'ries trod!
Whilſt waſting war, thro' half the Globe deſtroy'd,
The Britiſh Iſle, tranquility enjoy'd!

We trod the ſummit of terreſtrial Joy;
But Heav'n deſign'd us grief, and ſad alloy:
Our good old KING deſcends the ſilent grave:
(No ſtation from the ſtroke of death can ſave:)

Down

Down roll'd the tears, from mournful Britons eyes;
Each boſom heav'd, with ſympathizing ſighs!
The doleful accents ſound, from ſhore to ſhore,
GEORGE, the Humane, the Conq'ror is no more:
GEORGE, the Belov'd, the Merciful, the Kind!
GEORGE, Britain's KING; bleſs'd with a Royal Mind.
So in a good old age, moſt nobly ſpent,
Great JOSHUA to the grave, in peace was ſent;
And left the Jews, with mighty Conqueſts crown'd,
In gen'ral grief, and ſad reflection drown'd.

Tho' mighty GEORGE, cou'd frown like pow'rful Fate,
Yet Heav'n's great attribute, he'd imitate:
When juſtice drew the ſword, to ſtrike the blow,
Then, then, wou'd ſtreams, of regal Mercy flow!
Soft pity ſtood confeſs'd within his * eye,
Whene'er he* doom'd the unhappy wretch to die:
Oh!

** I have often heard it reported, that his Majeſty King GEORGE the ſecond, wou'd generally weep, when he ſign'd a death warrant for a malefactor. A certain inſtance, of a great, and generous ſoul: or at leaſt a mind, touch'd with a gentle ſympathizing pity, for the baſeneſs, and ſufferings of Mankind.

Oh! He'd forgive ev'n thoſe, who ſought his Crown!
But murd'rers ſunk beneath his awful frown:
No honour, or high poſt, cou'd ſcreen the knave,
Receiv'd his pay, and was not greatly brave.
To call to view, his great Perfections forth,
The glories of his Reign, and Royal worth;
Oh! 'tis a theme too great, for me to ſing;
O juſt, much lov'd, great, good, victorious KING.

Still let us hope, great GEORGE the third, ſhines forth;
Full of his Sire, and patriotic Worth:
So after gloomy night, with ſweet all-cheering Ray,
The radiant Sun breaks forth, and blazes welcome Day.
His Worth, his Wars, behoves me now to ſing:
Another GEORGE: another conq'ring KING.

End of BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

THE Continent enjoying reſpite from War, and ſcalping butcheries. The preparation of Great Britain, in the fall of 1760, *to attack the French, at Belleiſle; and their terror, on the coaſt of France, as the natural conſequence; when threatned with a deſcent, by our troops, and tars. The blow retarded, by the interpoſition of Providence; having no effect on the diſpoſition of the French; who ſullenly awaited the event. His Majeſty, GEORGE the third; beginning his reign. Commodore Keppel, and General Hodgſon, ſent againſt Belleiſle: with the reduction of the iſland, and the impotent rage of Lewis the* 15*th. Our fleet ſcouring the French coaſt, and the diſtreſs of France, and diſperſion, and diſmay, of its royal navy. Monſieur Buſſey, the French Ambaſſador, and the Count de Fuentes, the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, failing in their attempts, for a ceſſation of arms. Our fleet, watching the ſculking French fleet. The Spaniſh King, vainly threat'ning, to deter England from proſecuting the war. The deſign againſt Martinico carried into execution. General Moncton, Admiral Rodney, &c. arriving in St. Anne's bay, at Martinico. Sir James Douglaſs, with his ſquadron, ſilencing ſome French batteries along ſhore. Commodore Swanton attacking ſome others; and Capt. Hervey, in the Dragon, ſilencing the battery*

of the Grand Ance. Commodore Swanton, and the Captains Shuldham, and Hervey, landing General Monckton, and the troops : Lord Rollo, Brigadier Haviland, with the other intrepid leaders, Rufane, Grant, Walsh, Scott, Vaughan, Massey, Fletcher, Kennedy, Leland, and our animated troops, rushing furiously on to battle ; but retarded by a deep, wide, and steep ravine ; some fearless, descend in haste ; some plunge precipitately down : but soon recover, form, attack, and bear down all before them! mean while, Brigadier Haviland, with his brigade ; the Highlanders, light Infantry, and Rangers, make another passage across the ravine ; and tread down all opposition. Their joint attack of the French on ev'ry side, and possession gain'd, of Morne Tartenson. The artillery playing on Morne Garnier, and the citadel, and the battery return'd. The French attack Brigadier Haviland, the Highlanders, light Infantry, and Rangers ; who gallantly sustain'd the shock. Brigadier Walsh, and Col. Grant, advancing fiercely with their corps, to succonr them. The French retreating, and chac'd to their walls. The resolution, and activity of our sailors ; dragging chearfully, and laboriously, guns, and mortars, to Tartenson ; and across the enemy's line of fire. Major Leland, with his corps, taking possession of several redoubts : Walsh, Grant, and Haviland, advancing to sustain him ; and to occupy Morne Garnier's ground. The artillery's battery from thence, on the citadel ; with its surrender : and soon after, St. Lucia, and St. Peter's given up ; not daring to stand the storm of our troops, and tars.

WAR:

BOOK VII.

THE Continent, at length, enjoy'd ſome peace,
And ſcalping butcheries began to ceaſe.
Now nearer home, the Britiſh thunder roars;
And Gallia trembled thro' her hoſtile ſhores:
A pow'rful pannic, ev'ry where prevail'd,
Like that, when Hawke, and Wolfe, and Saunders
ſail'd.
Our gallant tars, and ſoldiers brave, awhile,
Premeditate the blow, againſt Belleiſle:
But † Providence, propitious to the foe;
For all-wiſe reaſons, ſtill retards the blow:

A

† When our armament, was preparing againſt Belleiſle, in the Fall of 1760; we had many ſtorms, rough, and contrary winds, till it grew ſo late, the expedition was dropp'd for the ſeaſon, and in the mean time, our good old King dies: But his Grandſon, George III. will carried on the war, with the like vigour, and attack'd Belleiſle with his firſt vengeance.

A time for cool reflection gave the Gaul,
E'er GEORGE's veng'ance on their heads ſhould fall:
Rough adverſe winds, became a pow'rful bar;
And England only threatned France with war.
Tho' baffled greatly, on the continent,
The time elaps'd, which gracious heav'n had ſent;
No peace was duly ſu'd, in proper form:
But ſullen ſtill, they wait the growing ſtorm.

Now long had England's veng'ance dormant lain,
When GEORGE the third, began his glorious reign;
The war, his great Grandfather predeſign'd,
Gain'd the full aſſent of his royal mind:
Keppel was choſe, againſt Belleiſle to go,
With his prime veng'ance, 'gainſt the ſtubborn foe:
With him, the gallant Hodgſon, likewiſe ſail'd,
In queſt of fame, and glorioufly prevail'd!
The ‡ Iſle was one great fort, and ev'ry where,
Mortars, and cannon, big with death apppear;
By nature ſteep, not eaſily aſſail'd,
And art made ſtrong, wherever nature fail'd:
But

‡ The letters from the fleet, and army, againſt Belleiſle, mention'd, that the whole iſland was one fortification, by nature almoſt: But where that fail'd, art, and cannon, ſupply'd the place.

But Hodgſon's fearleſs ſoul was full of flame,
Reſolv'd to gain a Britiſh Hero's name.
Keppel had oft been try'd, 'midſt death and fire;
Again, he fiercely glows, with new deſire:
Theſe both unite; their thunders jointly roar,
And blaſt this iſle, in view of Gallia's ſhore.
So two fierce lions, in the lonely wood,
O'er awe the dam, and ſeize her ſhaggy brood;
The mother bear, o'ercome with great diſmay,
Growls, as they drag her helpleſs cub away!
As Lewis view'd Belleiſle, and full of grief,
Reſentment frown'd; but dar'd not give relief.

Now rang'd our fleet along the Gallic coaſt;
And France could ſcarce a weak reſiſtance boaſt:
Their naval pow'r deſtroy'd, diſpers'd, diſmay'd;
Cou'd not protect their home or foreign trade;
When lo, they call'd * Hiſpania to their aid.

With

* About this time, Spain attempted a mediation, and ſent the Count de Fuentes; who in concert with Monſieur Buſſey, ſtrove to gain their end: but Mr. Pitt, like an honeſt man, remain'd inflexible: Neither could our King, Great George the Third, be perſwaded to grant France a ceſſation of arms.

With ſeeming friendſhip; but deſigning guile,
By Spain, Great-Britain was amus'd a while:
But George the third, with ſage precaution arm'd;
For war, or laſting peace, moſt nobly warm'd,
Would ne'er conſent hoſtilities ſhou'd ceaſe;
Nor grant the French, the long wiſh'd-ſix months peace.
Tho' Buſſey ſooth'd, and frown'd, his end to get,
He nothing gain'd, but negatives from Pitt:
Fuentes next, (well fraught with courtiers art,)
Strives to pervert the faithful patriot's heart;
Great-Britain's miniſter was ſo profound,
Their mighty plan, with ill ſucceſs was crown'd.

Our tars, ſtill roll'd our thunder o'er the main,
In ſpight of Bourbon, and contracting Spain;
Ev'n to their ports, purſu'd our ſculking foes;
When a new mark for their reſentment roſe:
Proud Martinico yet, her bulwarks rear'd,
As if ſhe'd ne'er Britannia's terrors fear'd;
Great George the third, predeſtinates the blow,
And dooms her ramparts to an overthrow.

The

The Spaniard, grew more jealous than before,
And growl'd defiance from his hoſtile ſhore.

Mean while, the gallant Monckton, rouz'd anew,
For foreign war, his troops together drew:
Tho' at Quebec, he † felt the miſſive lead,
He glows for war, nor feels deſponding dread.

Rodney the bold; with England's daring tars;
And the ſurviving gallant ſons of Mars,
Whoſe war againſt Belleiſle, transfix'd the Gaul;
With Monckton, deſtin'd Martinico's fall;
In Anna's bay, firm as ſtrong fate combin'd,
In one great dreadful pow'rful union join'd!

The gallant ‡ Douglas, various batt'ries ſtorm'd;
By honour fir'd, the dang'rous taſk perform'd;
With

† General Monckton, in the battle on the plains of Abraham, before the town of Quebec; receiv'd a ſhot, thro' the body; which paſs'd thro', or very near his lungs.

‡ Admiral Rodney's letter of the 19th of January, 1762, to Mr. Cleveland, mentions Sir James Douglas, ſilencing the forts, in St. Anne's bay; and Commodore Swanton, with Capt. Hervey, of the Dragon, who ſilenced the battery of the Grand Ance, at Martinico.

With him, they ſtood not long, in fierce diſpute,
His direful roar, made Gallia's thunder mute.

*Swanton, who drove their frigates from Quebec,
Prepar'd again, to give their arms a check.
Hervey the brave; by emulation fir'd,
Fiercely attack'd, and gain'd the point deſir'd;
Moſt nobly rouz'd, to quell the pride of France,
He ſilenc'd all the the thunder of Grand Ance.

† Now to the ſhore, (inſpir'd by freeborn flame,)
With Britain's warlike leaders, Monckton came.
As Jove, when cloath'd in gloom, (in awful form;)
Launches his bolts, amidſt a thunder ſtorm:
Brave † Swanton, † Shuldham, † Hervey, fearleſs Tars,
Launch'd on the ſhore, our dreadful ſons of Mars!

With

* Vide my Siege of Quebec rais'd, by Commodore Swanton, &c.

†††† Admiral Rodney's letter to Mr. Cleveland, mentions the diſpoſition of the landing, with Commodore Swanton, and the Captains Shuldham, and Hervey, commanding; one, on the right, one, on the left, and one, in the center: And he likewiſe mentions, ſome other things concerning the ſeamen, as they occur in my poem.

With ſpeed, the faſcine batt'ries ſoon were rear'd,
Whence De la Touche, the thund'ring greeting heard;
Intrepid Grant, † Rufane, † and Rollo † glow,
With Walſh, † and Scott, † to meet, and charge the Foe:
A thouſand † gallant tars, with Monckton lay,
Wiſhing employ, where danger mark'd the way.

Leaders, and ſoldiers, burning for the war,
Ruſh fearleſs on, in ſpight of ev'ry bar:
Behold, a boggy * Ravine; wide, and ſteep;
In which the French a dreadful ambuſh keep:
As if new dangers had anew inſpir'd;
Britannia's troops, with mighty ardour fir'd!
O Down

†††††† General Monckton mentions this, very particularly, in his Letter to the Earl of Egremont, from Martinico.

* The following, is an extract, from a private letter. A Ravine, is a large hollow, made between hills; occaſion'd by ſudden currents of water; (which are very frequent, and rapid, at the time of the equinox.) They are of a conſiderable depth, and not leſs difficult to get into, than to aſcend; as they are tufted over with trees, and bruſh wood, on ev'ry ſide; and in many places, cover'd over. Theſe the French lin'd with infantry; but our forces, (reſolute, and determin'd to carry the batteries on the other ſide,) let each other down, (firſt ſlinging their muſquets:) when they got on the other ſide, clamber'd up as faſt as poſſible, form'd, and carried all before them. Some were let down precipitately, by the bank's giving way: but they ſoon recover'd themſelves, and join'd their corps.

Down the ſteep bank, they (like a torrent) roll'd,
With matchleſs vigor, not to be controul'd!
Some preſſing eager, on deceitful ground,
They headlong plung'd, into the wide profound;
But like young eagles, chaſing of their prey;
Light they ſprung up, ſoon form'd, and forc'd their way.
Acroſs the Ravine, (as they nearer drew;)
The hoſtile and the friendly thunder flew:
Cannons, and infantries, and mortars roar;
Some heroes fall, to riſe again no more.

Grant, and his grenadiers, began th' attack;
And drove th' advancing guards of Frenchmen back;
Quickly each corps, to their aſſiſtance came,
Eager for glory, emulous of fame.

Mean while, brave Haviland, with his brigade,
Acroſs the gulph, another paſſage made:
With, him brave Caledonians charg'd the Gauls;
Ready to ſpeed, where warlike danger calls:

With

With theſe, the Rangers to the gulph were led ;
There, the light infantry to battle ſped :
The path of honour, thro' the ravine lay ;
Fiercely they charg'd, and hew'd the glorious way.

At length, a general attack was form'd ;
On ev'ry ſide, the French were fiercely ſtorm'd :
Now Scott, and his light infantry, for fame,
Midſt leaden deaths, and hoſtile dangers came.
Vaughan,*Maſſey,†Fletcher,† Kennedy † the brave ;
With Leland,† marks of Britiſh courage gave :
Each hero nam'd, with ev'ry corps above ;
For warlike fame, moſt emulouſly ſtrove :
The ſons of Scotland, made the Frenchmen feel
The mortal weight of Caledonian ſteel.
Britiſh, and Gallic bayonets engag'd ;
Around brave Monckton, deaths, and dangers rag'd :

Gates,

* Read Vaughan, as if ſpell'd Vaun : for I underſtand it is a Welſh Name, and ſpoke in general, like one ſyllable.

†††† General Monckton, in his letter to the Earl of Egremont, expreſly mentions the attack as above ; and ſpeaks very honourably, of the above Commanders, and their corps.

Gates,‡ and Ricaut, ‡ await on either hand,
And plunge thro' dangers, when he gives command.
Now on all ſides, the foe began to yield.
And Monckton ſtood the conq'ror on the field:
Quickly our troops, (with toilſome victʼry crown'd,)
Gain'd the poſſeſſion of Tartenſon's ground. §

Hoſtile Morne Garnier, ſtill higher lay;
'Gainſt which, th' artilleries ſoon began to play;
From whence, againſt our troops, their ſtorm they bent;
And death, for death, alternately was ſent.

At length, the Frenchmen emulouſly fir'd,
To gain a name, moſt glorioufly aſpir'd!
Acroſs the ravine, † they a paſſage made,
Againſt bold Haviland, and his brigade:
Soon the light infantry, to battle roſe!
And with the rangers, met the charging foes:

With

‡‡ General Monckton's two aid de Camps.
§ A high fortified Hill, oppoſite Morne Garnier.
† General Monckton's letter, to the Earl of Egremont, mentions theſe paſſages particularly.

With wonted glow, the Caledonians drew;
And full of ardour, to the onset flew:
Thither sped Walsh, and Grant, (with fierce delight,)
To share the fame, and danger of the fight:
The daring foe gave way, (and full of dread,)
Back thro' the ravine; in disorder sped:
They fled by thousands; wing'd with awful fear;
As swift ours chac'd, and mingled with the rear:
As at Quebec, they drove them to the walls,
And brought from thence, the captivated Gauls.

Let Monckton wish, (the daring deed is done;)
With freeborn ardour, England's ‡ sailors run;
'Midst all the gallic fire, they fearless grew,
And guns, and mortars, to Tartenson ‡ drew;
Whence on the citadel, they fiercely pour
Of deadly shot, and shells, an iron show'r.

Leland,

‡‡‡‡ General Monckton, and Admiral Rodney, mention this: and the following, is what Admiral Rodney writes in his letter, of the 30th of February, to Mr. Cleveland. "But this I must say, in justice to those I have the honour to command; that the intrepidity, and gallant behaviour of the officers, and troops, employ'd on the expedition, could be equall'd only, by the chearful activity of the officers, and seamen; who contributed every thing in their power, towards the reduction of the place, and made no difficulties, in transporting numbers of heavy mortars, and ship's cannon, up the steepest mountains, at a very considerable distance from the sea; and across the enemy's line of fire."

Leland, ‡ at length, obtain'd the end desir'd;
As he advanc'd, the foe confus'd retir'd:
Walsh, ‡ Grant, ‡ and Haviland, ‡ soon gather'd round;
And took possession of Morne Garnier's ground.
Now near the citadel, our forces drew;
The bombs, and balls, from Garnier's summit flew:
The fierce artill'ry's war, not long they stood;
But struck their flag, and own'd they were subdu'd.
St. Peter's, * and St. Lucia's, * much dismay'd;
O'er aw'd, and hopeless of European aid;
Full of amazement, at Britannia's wars,
Dreading our forces and our dauntless tars;
(With one consent,) to shun the storm accord.
(Submit,) and own Great GEORGE, their sov'reign lord.

‡‡ St. Peter's fort, was where Monsr. De la Touche fled, with some thousands of his grenadiers, when General Monckton took possession of the Citadel, at Martinico; and the fort of St. Lucia, is another; and both Forts sent to General Monckton, and Admiral Rodney, to surrender; whilst they were preparing to attack them, by sea, & land.

The End of BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

FRANCE humbled; and the beginning of the Spaniſh War. His Majeſty, King GEORGE the third, rouſing to war, againſt his combin'd foes; like Jove, againſt Phæton, who ſat ſecure, and view'd the ravage his ambition made. The ſtrength of the Spaniſh garriſon at Cuba; the numbers of its defendants; their deſperateneſs, and bravery. The deſcent made by Albemarle, &c. with the troops and tars. The Moor begirt with Engliſh terrors. The Spaniſh reſolution, to ſtand the united aſſault, of our troops, and the fleet, The battery begun. The Cambridge, Marlborough, and Dragon, engage the Moro, &c. The intrepidity, of Capt. Lindſay, of the Trent frigate. The general aſſault ceas'd. A daily cannonade commenc'd, &c. Frequent ſallies made by the Spaniards; but are repuls'd.

A

A ſally made, by 1000*; neither to give or take quarter: The reception they met, from Britain's animated troops, and their repulſe, after a deſperate battle, and bloody carnage. They regain the Moro, and again defy the Britiſh troops. The Moro blown up. The attack made, under thoſe two brave leaders, Lieut. General Keppel, and Brigadier Haviland. Captain Forbes, at the head of the Royals, fiercely enters the breach. The bravery of the gallant Don Velaſco, Governor of the Moro: His ſtation, at the flag ſtaff, and his fall. The Moro taken, and Great-Britain's ſtandard hoiſted. The mortality, among the ſoldiers. The reſolution of thoſe which ſurvive. The ſtorm againſt the town, and Punta fort. A truce deſir'd; and the town ſurrender'd.*

BOOK VIII.

WAR:

BOOK VIII.

THE pleasing task perform'd (at honour's call;
Britain triumphant, and the humbled Gaul;
Hispania's war, my muse again inspires,
New fields, new Heroes, kindle new desires.

Now is my task, to sing a war indeed!
Where Heroes conquer, and where brave Men bleed.
Such was the war, old *Homer*'s numbers tell;
Where *Hector* brave; and fierce *Achilles* fell:
Such was the war, where conq'ring Grecians fought;
Such was the Vict'ry, which they dearly bought.

Here we may trace the hand of Heav'n above;
Boundleſs Benevolence, and Godlike Love:
Mercy unaſk'd, and undeſerving Grace,
Forever ſhown, to Britain's thankleſs Race!
We ne'er deſerv'd th' indulgence of a GOD;
But ought to ſmart beneath His vengeful rod.

From toils of war, Great-Britain cannot ceaſe;
The jealous Spaniard, will not be at peace:
The placid GEORGE, (like his humane Grandſire)
Long bore their inſults, and reſtrain'd his ire:
Conſcious of ſafety, laid his veng'ance by;
Yet ſcann'd their plans, with a moſt jealous eye.
When giddy *Phæton*, Sol's bright chariot drove,
So ſat ſecure, the great imperial Jove:
But when involv'd in flame, He ſaw the World,
From His ſtrong hand, the vengeful * bolt was hurl'd
So England's KING, againſt combining Foes,
To terrene, and to naval war aroſe;

'Gainſt

* Vide, my reference to *Phæton*, daſh'd from *Apollo's* car, in my engagement betwen Admiral *Hawke*, and *Conflans*, in Quiberon Bay.

'Gainſt threat'ning Spain, his waſting terrors dealt;
His firſt avenging bolt, th' Havannah felt.
Thouſands of vet'ran Troops, from Spain were ſent;
Bravely reſolv'd, and obſtinately bent,
To hold the place, and gallantly defend,
'Gainſt all the pow'r, which we cou'd thither ſend.
Theſe were to battle, by brave Spaniards led,
Strangers to pride, and baſe deſponding dread.
Lewis [a] *Velaſco*, and [b] *Gonſales* bold;
Whoſe worth, with pleaſure, conq'ring Britons told.
The prime command, brave *Don* [c] *Velaſco* bore;
For kindneſs known, to Engliſhmen before:
Who had the name of amiable gain'd;
In whoſe great ſoul, a humane brav'ry reign'd.
Next in command, the gen'rous [d] *Prado* ſtands;
Whoſe name, in war, a due reſpect demands.

a A gallant man, and good commander; wounded, and taken priſoner.

b *Don Gonſales*, Lieut. Governor of the Moro; who was kill'd in fight.

c Governor of the Moro Caſtle; and who defended it moſt bravely, to the laſt extremity: and who had long before, gain'd the regard of the Engliſh, by his humanity, good nature, and complaiſance to them; and his good will, to the Engliſh Nation.

d *Juan Del Prado*, Governor of the Town: a brave, great ſpirited man.

Nor ſhou'd the naval daring ſons of Spain,
Unnotic'd, in the warlike liſt remain;
Who dar'd with Britain's matchleſs Tars t' engage;
Fac'd gallant *Pocock*'s war! and brav'd fierce *Keppel*'s rage!

The wary Foe, had fortify'd the ground;
And Troops of Spaniſh horſe, were ſtation'd round:
Chiefly the Moro;* proud Hiſpania's pride,
Pocock's, and *Albemarle*'s, and *Keppel*'s war defy'd:
But like the three fork'd thunder of the ſkies,
When wing'd with light'ning, from Olympus flies;
Theſe

* The Spaniards, we are inform'd, eſteem'd the Moro, or Moor Caſtle, the ſtrongeſt Fortreſs in the World; and thought it even impregnable, from the advantage of its ſituation, the difficulty of acceſs, the ſtrength, and number of its Redoubts, and outworks; with the number of its cannon, and mortars, and the great ſtrength of the main Garriſon itſelf; the wall being 50 feet thick: but more than all, they depended on the bravery, and great number of its defendants; who made a noble, obſtinate, and bloody defence! not giving up when ſtorm'd, till 400, in defence of the place, gallantly reſign'd their lives; and forc'd Great-Britain's animated Heroes, to obtain a laborious Victory: who when they met that brave, and deſperate oppoſition; eager for glory, collected in their mighty ſouls, all their warlike ardour; and like gunpowder confin'd, kindling into flame, bore down all oppoſition: and meeting with that fierce reſiſtance, made the more rapid conqueſt.

These three, spread dreadful devastation round;
And riv'd, and flung, the Moro to the ground.

Brave * *Albemarle*, with Britain's * sons of mars,
Pocock, * and *Keppel*, * with our dauntless * Tars,
Fiercely resolv'd, towards the foe they bend,
And on the shore, victoriously descend;
Begird the Moor, with British terrors round;
And occupy all advantagious ground:
Around the Town, on diff'rent heights, they lye;
(The surly foes, th' approaching war defy.)
With one consent, our Troops, and Tars unite;
And rouze each other to the glorious fight;
Their Batt'ries raise, against the destin'd Town:
Hispania's Troops, and Tars, defiance frown.
All that cou'd fire the soul, and chace dismay,
Within this Town, in great abundance lay:
Such heaps of white, and yellow glitt'ring ore,
That avarice itself, cou'd wish no more.

***** The Soldiers, Marines, and Sailors, join'd with one consent, to attack the place, and with united efforts, built Batteries, dragg'd the cannon, and mortars around, and play'd upon the Moor Castle, and Town: inspiring each other mutually, with resolution, and warlike emulation.

Within the Port, whole trading Fleets remain:
Twelve of the line; the royal Ships of Spain.
Full twenty thouſand armed Spaniards there,
'Gainſt Britain's ſtorm, a bold defence prepare;
For ſafety, each deſtructive method plan;
And with the Sailors, guns, and mortars man:
With ſunken ſhips, they form a dang'rous bar;
They dread the thunder of our naval war:
For now began, our Batt'ry on the ſhore!
The Cambridge,* and the Marlb'rough,* 'gainſt the Moor,
In concert with the Dragon,* fiercely roar.
The Moor, the Town, the Fort, themſelves prepare;
The gen'ral ſtorm, and Britain's Batt'ry dare:
Full of intrepid glow, and gen'rous rage,
Britons, and Spaniards, ardently engage.
Whilſt all Commanders brave, the fight maintain,
One, * only fears, t' attack the Forts of Spain:
Amidſt the gen'ral glow, and war's alarms,
Which rouzes all, and ev'ry boſom warms;

Whilſt

***** When the Cambridge, Marlborough, Dragon, and the St—rl—g-C—ſt—le, were order'd on a general attack, to lie againſt the Moor Caſtle, all reſolutely brave, went boldly in, and behav'd extremely well, during the unparalell'd cannonade, except Capt. *C—mp—l*, in the St—rl—gC—ſt—le; who came not near enough, to ſhare in the engagement.

Whilſt ev'ry one, with Britiſh ardour ſhines,
with cold indiff'rence, he, the fight declines.
Britons exulting ſhouts, on Cuba's ſhore,
The trumpets, drums, and friendly cannons roar,
Rouze not his * daſtard ſoul, to battle with the Moor!
Far otherwiſe, the, gallant *Lindſay*'s † Soul!
Who, long before he heard the thunder growl,
Or animating ſhouts, had pierc'd his ears,
In warlike flame, abſorb'd all meaner Fears!
With manly ardour, and a fierce delight,
He plunges thro' the terrors of the fight!
Eager to take a dying Hero's charge,
Forgets the dangers of an open barge;
Speeds to the Cambridge, and with ſtern diſdain,
Rolls Britain's thunder 'gainſt the ſons of Spain!

† Capt. *Lindſay*, of his Majeſty's Frigate, the Trent: who when the 4 Men of War, were order'd to batter the Moor Caſtle, waited on Admiral *Pocock*, and repreſented to him; that as he commanded only a Frigate, he cou'd be of no ſervice, or acquire Honour; therefore requeſted, that if any of the 4 ſhips loſt their Captains, he might be permitted to take the command, during the cannonade: which requeſt was granted; and in about 5 minutes, the Cambridge threw out the ſignal, for the Captain being kill'd; when Capt. *Lindſay*, put off from the Trent, in his Barge; and through a moſt terrible fire, got on board the Cambridge, and fought her moſt gallantly, till ſhe, and the other 2 ſhips, were order'd to be tow'd off.

Britain's tremendous charge, the Moor defies;
From thence, a ſtorm of lead, and iron flies:
Engliſh diſploding daſhing deaths are thrown,
To fling the mural hopes of Spaniards down;
To waſte their Troops, and terrify the Town.
The Cambridge, Marlb'rough, and the Dragon wage
Unequal war, againſt Hiſpania's rage:
Our Sailors feel no cold reluctant Fear,
Altho' the decks, like ſlaughter ſhops appear:
Altho' like wrecks; the batter'd ſhips ſuſtain
The Moro's war, and naval ſtorm of Spain.

. . . . . .

Tho' rouz'd at firſt, to quell the Spaniſh foe,
The gallant *Pocock*'s ſoul, felt fierceſt glow;
A gen'rous pity, to that rage ſucceeds,
Whilſt ev'ry fearleſs naval Hero bleeds:
(Tho' overwhelm'd with deaths, without diſmay,
They burn to win the glory of the day.)
Anxious to ſave each well deſerving Tar,
For future battle, and more equal war;
Pocock commands, they end the fierce diſpute,
As they tow off, the naval roar grows mute.

And

And now commenc'd a daily cannonade;
The Spaniards ſtill, a bold reſiſtance made:
Their wives, their honour, and their all at ſtake;
By which inſpir'd, they vig'rous ſallies make:
Oft as they ſally, are as oft repell'd;
Chac'd to their walls, or down in battle fell'd.
With reſolution arm'd, on either ſide,
Mortars, and guns, moſt eagerly were ply'd:
Week, after week, full fifty * days, and more,
The cannon, infantries, and mortars roar:
Both parties ſeem, each day, to grow more warm;
Each other oft, alternately alarm.

As deſp'rate gameſters oft, will hazard all,
The Spaniards, (at their bleeding country's call;)
By honour rouz'd, to gain a warlike fame,
Their ſouls had wrought to patriotic flame;
A thouſand plebeian Heroes, dare t' advance,
Againſt the Scourgers of perfidious France:
And as they march, to give the daring ſtorm,
A horrid formidable front they form:

Their

* Our Troops, were landed the 6th of June, againſt the Spaniards; and carried the Moor Caſtle, ſword in hand, the 30th of July: which is above 50 days.

Their dire deſign, theſe letters plainly ſpake,
We neither give, nor will we Quarters take:
But what avails their gallantry and worth?
'Gainſt Britain's Heroes fierce, they ſally'd forth.
With equal ardour, England's Troops aroſe,
To meet the daring, vet'ran Spaniſh Foes:
Methinks, I hear our fearleſs Leaders ſay,
Brave fellow Soldiers! fight like Men to day!
The coming Foe, is obſtinately brave!
Great-Britain's Honour, and your own to ſave,
Now draw your ſwords; and in this glorious cauſe,
Gain Europe's praiſe, and GEORGE the third's applauſe.
As when ſmooth oyl, on flaming fire is thrown,
(By bluſt'ring winds, to dreadful fury blown;)
With rage reſiſtleſs, on the torrent flows;
So full of warlike flame, againſt our foes,
To fierce attack, all reſolutely roſe,
Drums beat, and animated Heroes glow,
As both the parties, near each other draw.
Both parties ſcorn, to fear, or flight to yield;
Both, throng towards the center of the field:
Warm hope, and anger, in their ſouls, by turns,
And gen'rous valour, in a medley burns:

And

And as two torrents, (with a deaf'ning ſound,)
Ruſh down two hills, towards the lower ground,
They meet, they mix, and as they mix, engage,
And deal out death, with ſtern relentleſs rage:
With equal firmneſs, both the parties cloſe;
Muſkets, to muſkets, ſwords, to ſwords oppoſe:
Encount'ring pikes, (in cloſe engagement meet,)
With deadly thruſts, th' ill fated boſoms greet:
Keen Highland ſteel, and bright Toledo* blade,
A grating unharmonious concert made:
As each, his burniſh'd, pond'rous faulchion rear'd,
A reſolution in his face appear'd:
Quebec's, Belleiſle's, and Martinico's Fate,
Warm'd Britons ſouls, and made their hearts elate.
Hundreds of Spaniards, ſtrew'd th' enſanguin'd ground;
And each, in front,† receiv'd his honeſt wound:

Fierce

* I mean by that, the Spaniſh ſwords; the Toledo ſteel, being accounted the beſt in Spain; and it is a hiſtoric name; being in hiſtory, call'd Toledo good, or Good Toledo blade.

† I call it an honeſt wound; becauſe they look'd death, and danger, boldly in the face; and as they fought for their own, and their country's intereſt, ſo bravely, & obſtinately, and turn'd not their backs, till compell'd to retreat, by an equal match of valour; when they were overwhelm'd, and born down, by the irreſiſtible

Fierce grew the fight, fiercer the Britons glow'd;
O'er dead, and dying, reſolutely trod;
Againſt the living Ranks, their ſtorm they bend,
And glitt'ring Deaths, in ſhow'rs of ſteel deſcend:
Fate, rode in flaming triumph, wrapt in lead;
None feels remorſe, none knows deſponding dread:
Some Britons fall, (for Fate will have it ſo;)
While Spaniards weep in blood, their overthrow:
With warlike pomp, to death, each Briton goes,
Attended by a whole platoon of Foes,
At length, the Spaniſh reſolution fail'd;
And Engliſh intrepidity prevail'd;
To Britiſh Arms, they ſeem inclin'd to yield,
Yet inch, by inch, diſpute the bloody Field.
As when a whirlwind, (with deſtructive Force,)
O'erturns the Foreſt, in its rapid courſe;
So *Albemarle*, and Britons, forc'd their way,
And backward roll'd the Spaniards in diſmay.
They turn'd (reluctant,) with a tardy flight,
Impetuouſly fierce, with warring might,

Upon

irreſiſtible vigour, & fierceneſs, with which the Britiſh Troops advanc'd to battle, againſt thoſe gallant ſons of Spain; who march'd to battle, with theſe words wrote in the front of their hats: *We neither give, nor take Quarters.*

Upon their broken rear, the Britons flew,
Their desp'rate Foes, with stern resentment flew;
O'er dying Spaniards trod, as near the Moor they drew.

Behind the Moro's walls, again they hide;
New courage gain'd, and England's Troops * defy'd.
Mortars, and guns, with Spanish Tars they man;
Again, a desp'rate cannonade began:
Our Troops, and Tars, loud veng'ance fiercely roar;
Again bombard, and cannonade the Moor:
Like an expiring snuff, they some fierce blazes made;
That flame, again grew dull, and glimmer'd into shade.
More dull, and slow, the Moor's discharges grew;
But seldom thence, the bombs, and bullets flew;
With mighty Rage, Great-Britain's war encreas'd,
No fire was slack'd, nor batt'ring terrors ceas'd:
Incessant roll'd the storm, both night, and day;
Tho' thought impregnable, the walls gave way;

The

* The Spaniards, when they got within the Moro, seem'd to be so fearless, and obstinate, as ever.

The mighty Moro, fallable was found;
The Ramparts raz'd, and batter'd to the ground:
In ruin flung; yet ſtill they bulwarks form,
Dreadful to paſs, and terrible to ſtorm.

The Engineers, at length, their caverns made,
Beneath the walls, their tumid terrors laid;
Thence, in a fierce expanding flame, they roſe;
The Caſtle ſhook, and terrify'd their foes:
Scarce mov'd, a pond'rous load, the Ramparts lay,
Nor wou'd to powder's matchleſs pow'r give way:
Strong, in their heaps of ruin they abide,
As common bulwarks, in unbatter'd pride.

Only one * file, within the breach cou'd form;
No more, cou'd march in front, to give the ſtorm:
(In

* When the Engineers ſprang their mine, under the Moro-Caſtle, the walls lay ſuch an enormous load, on the riſing flame, that it fought vent another way: and ſo ſtable, the walls remain'd, that the diſploſion only made a breach, for three men a breaſt to advance.

(In little hills, the rugged Ramparts lay,
Portending ruin, o'er the ſubject ſea.)
Fierce *Forbes*† march'd, to ſtorm the dreadful place,
And thund'ring death, flaſh'd horror in his face:
On ruſh'd the Royals,† with true Britiſh glow;
(Deſtruction† yawn'd, moſt dreadfully below.)
As *Wolfe*, and *Amherſt*, (in tremendous roar,)
Flew arm'd with thunder, on Cape-Breton's ſhore;
So *Haviland*, and *Keppel*,† warlike honour fought,
And to the breach, Great-Britain's fourfold‡ union brought.

Velaſco

†††† Major General *Keppel*, was firſt in command at the ſtorm of the Moro: and Brigadier General *Haviland*, was ſecond there: and Lieut. *Forbes*, (ſince made a Captain in the 42 Regiment,) firſt enter'd the breach; (if it may be call'd a Breach;) at the head of the Royals; who had gain'd great honour, during the ſiege: and the breach was ſo ſituated, that had they miſs'd a ſtep, they muſt have gone about a 100 yards headlong into the ſea, on one ſide, or the ditch, on other: and we are inform'd that the very men, which ſo intrepidly enter'd againſt all the oppoſition, ſo deſperate an Enemy cou'd make, with cannon, and ſmall arms, were afraid to return by the ſame way, and among all the thouſands of gallant men there, one only was known to ſhow the leaſt backwardneſs, or had been heard to complain; tho' many, both Officers, and Men, had been ſeveral Days in the trenches, without being reliev'd.

‡ Engliſh, Scotch, Iriſh, and Provincials, united.

Velaſco † fierce, reſolv'd to ſpill his blood,
Like ‡ Ajax, near the Spaniſh flag ſtaff ſtood:
With heart reſolv'd, and viſage full of wrath,
Defiance frown'd, and brandiſh'd glitt'ring death.
With lifeleſs hope, but manly voice he calls,
Spaniards! ſtand firm! & guard your batter'd walls!
Your all depends, on this deciſive day;
No hope remains, the moment you give way!
Remember, Engliſhmen your walls aſſail,
What mighty honour, ſhou'd you now prevail!
And from the breach, their quadrate union chace!
No foe, henceforth, will dare a Spaniard face.
The Spaniards rouze, and rank and file, they cloſe;
Throng to the breach, and dare th' aſſailing foes.

Now Haviland, and Keppel, in a flame
Of Britiſh zeal, near Moro's Caſtle came:

Not

† The gallant Don Lewis de Velaſco, Captain of one of their men of war, and Governor of the Moro; fiercely reſolv'd, fix'd himſelf by the colours, and defended them, ſword in hand; till mortally wounded in the ſtorm.

‡ For an explanation of this, concerning Ajax; vide, my reference for the fire-ſhips, in my ſiege of Quebec, or the 15th and 16th books of Homer's Iliad.

Not one, but feels, a great heroic rage;
Each ſeems alert, and longing to engage.
Chearful, reſolv'd, the Leaders all appear,
Ruſhing in front, or thronging on the rear:
With eyes brimful of joy, and fierce delight,
They march, and rouze, each diff'rent corps to fight.
And doubtleſs, this the ſtrain, in which they ſpoke,
Advancing in the clouds of ſulph'rous ſmoke.
A Leader of Dragoons, and Grenadiers,
Cries come my lads! who ne'er knew daſtard fears,
March fiercely on, with reſolution fix'd;
Brave Engliſhmen, and bold Hibernians mix'd.
To England's honour, let all Europe ſay,
You ſtorm'd the breach, on this deciſive day;
And bore the palm of victory away.
Then ſhall Hibernia ſhare, the glorious fame,
Whoſe gallant ſons, (to war,) againſt Hiſpania came.
The Caledonian chiefs, moſt fiercely call,
To Highland troops, remember conquer'd Gaul!
And like her troops, let thoſe brave Spaniards feel
Your warlike worth, and Caledonian ſteel.
Provincial leaders, (emulouſly brave,)
To rouze their troops, this ſhort narration gave;

Revolve each fight, in which you've bravely fought;
With lives, and blood, your warlike honour bought:
Let Abra'm's plain, and Louiſbourg twice won,
Rouze you to act, what oft before you've done;
Your mother country's pow'rs, join once again,
Prove yourſelves ſons of brave old Engliſhmen.
'Twas needleſs more, all felt a fearleſs glow,
And ſtumbled thro' the breach, towards the foe.
With broad-ſwords drawn, and bayonets well fix'd,
Engliſh, and Spaniards, in confuſion mix'd:
All fiercely hew, or fire, none ſtop for breath;
Lead mortal flew, and ſteel, fell arm'd with death.

In equipoize, ſhort time, the battle hung;
Our's, glory fir'd, but pride, the Spaniards ſtung:
The breach diſputed, they no longer hold,
And like a torrent, in the Britons roll'd:
Spaniards retreat, our's urg'd the flight along,
And to the guarded flag-ſtaff, fiercely throng:
Velaſco there, reſolvedly remain'd;
The flight retarded, and the fight maintain'd.

(So

(So Lion's cubs, (on Lybia's burning ſand,)
'Gainſt dogs, and hunters, make a feeble ſtand;
If e'er perchance, the Sire, their paſſage bar,
And roars, prepar'd for lacerating war;
'Till cloſely preſs'd, by the bold hunting train,
They ſcatter ſingly, thro' the ſcorching plain;
Or gaſp in death, by ſome brave hunter ſlain.)
Of that great corps, Velaſco ſeems the ſoul,
And by example, animates the whole:
As from his wounds, he pour'd his vital blood,
The Spaniards cool'd, the ſhock no longer ſtood:
And as the Mexicans, † long time before,
When Cortes drawn by love of golden ore;
Willing from Spaniſh rage, themſelves to ſave,
Plung'd headlong down, into a wat'ry grave;
So theſe, by hundreds, (in a wild diſmay,)
From Britiſh troops, ſought ſhelter in the ſea.

The

† When the Spaniards, led by Hernando Cortes, conquer'd Mexico; vaſt multitudes of the poor wretches, periſh'd in the water, and lakes, ſurrounding it: and now, the Spaniards ſhare a ſimilar fate; ſome hundreds of them, loſing their lives, as they attempted to flee in their boats, in confuſion, before the dreadful, conq'ring troops of Britain.

The ragged ‡ ſtaff, torn down, was ſoon diſgrac'd,
And on the baſtion, Britain's Standard plac'd.

The Moro gain'd, yet ſtill the Spaniards dare;
To ſtand the batt'ring ſhock, again prepare.
Death † ſeems to join, the threaten'd town to ſave,
And ſweeps whole hundreds to the ſilent grave:
Thro' all their boiling veins, Sol darts his fire;
And troops worn out, in Calentures expire.
Yet tho' it ſeem'd, wiſe Providence to pleaſe,
Thouſands ſhou'd fall, by ſword, † and by diſeaſe;
The brave ſurviving Britons, ſtill maintain
The batt'ring ſiege, againſt the ſons of Spain:
Fiercely once more, our tars, and troops, unite,
Again prepare the ſtorm, both day, and night:
At length they burſt, in moſt tremendous roar;
If poſſible, more dreadful than before.

By

‡ The Spaniſh Enſign, has a ragged ſtaff in it.

†† There was a great mortality, among our troops, and ſailors; and being worn out with hard duty, day and night, and a laborious battery, death ſwept them off by hundreds, in a fever.

By obſtinate, and fierce attacks ſubdu'd,
That ſtorm few || Hours, the daring Spaniards ſtood.
Tho' firſt, the Governor, (with warlike frown,)
When ſummon'd to ſurrender up the town,
Declar'd he valu'd not Great-Britain's might;
But to the laſt, with all their pow'r would fight:
Yet, when he felt the Britiſh cannonade,
And ſaw the havoc our bombardment made,
He grew more cool, and for ſhort reſpite ſent
Of ſome few hours, no more on war intent:
And crav'd three ſhips || might no obſtruction meet,
And unmoleſted, paſs thro' Britain's fleet:
The gallant Pocock, ſent him this again;
No, not a boat; || much leſs three ſhips of Spain,
Shou'd paſs unſearch'd, thro' Britain's dreadful fleet,
But muſt expect, with thund'ring rage to meet;
Good Engliſh ſhips, || to Spain ſhou'd them convey:
Good Engliſh ſhips, the terrors of the ſea!

By

|||||| When the ſtorm from the Moro, (now in our poſſeſſion,) and on the ſhore, was begun, in concert, againſt the town, and Punta fort, by our troops, and tars: Juan del Prado, Governor of the town, in about ſix hours, ſent out to deſire a reſpite, for ſome few hours, to make his terms; which was granted; and withal, begg'd three ſhips of the line, might paſs unſearch'd to Spain.

Admiral

By hard neceſſity, to terms brought down;
Prado gives up, the long defended town;
In which were treaſures, by whole millions found;
And Britain's arms with glorious conqueſt crown'd.

Admiral Pocock return'd him for anſwer, not a long boat ſhou'd paſs; but good Engliſh ſhips ſhou'd carry them to Spain; and when the Governor found this, he capitulated, and gave up the town, fort, and 12 men of war of the Spaniſh line.

FINIS.

BRITANNIA's CALL,

TO HER

Brave TROOPS, and hardy TARS.

I.

BRITANNIA's ſons, Hibernia's youth,
And Scotia's hardy, martial race !
Riſe ! fight ! defend the cauſe of truth !
And wipe from me, all foul diſgrace !
With ardent eyes,
Britannia cries,
United riſe !
And Frenchmen to deſtruction chace !

II.

See, from the coaſt of threat'ning France,
With miſchief fraught, and ill deſigns,
Her gath'ring troops, prepare t' advance,
And threat with battle my confines !
Inſulting foes,
Reſolv'd oppoſe,
Deal mortal blows !
See, ſee, aloft, my Standard ſhines.

III.

My freeborn Sons, (with native rage,)
Ariſe, and hear your Mother's call ;
Invading foes, prepare t' engage :
Defend me now, or elſe I fall :
Your all's at ſtake,
To arms betake,
Strong efforts make,
And ſweep to death, the troops of Gaul !

IV.

Rouze ! rouze ! refulgent, ſhine in arms !
Hark ! cannons roar, drums, trumpets, ſound !
Ruſh on, all clad, in war's alarms !
And dauntleſs, tread, on Gallic ground !
Againſt the Gauls,
And their ſtrong walls,
Ply bombs, and balls,
Fling veng'ance, flame, and ruin round !

V.

Britannia thus, beſpoke her Sons,
With ardour, ev'ry boſom boil'd,
They lin'd her ſhores, with troops, and guns,
And France, affrighted, back recoil'd :

With

With ſtern delight,
They all unite,
And wiſh the fight;
But Ferdinand had Lewis foil'd!

VI.

A grand exulting joy appear'd,
With martial ſmiles, on England's ſhore,
To ſee Great-Britain's ſtandard rear'd,
And hear her naval Lions roar;
Her Fleets France found,
Were gath'ring round,
A dreadful bound!
Britannia, heard her threats no more.

VII.

Brunſwick, with mighty joy ſurvey'd,
Domeſtick troops begird his Throne;
Safety, her golden wings diſplay'd:
And all our former fears were flown;
Our Forces good,
Reſolved ſtood,
To ſpill their blood,
Sooner than Frenchmen conq'rors own.

Britain's

Britain's Arms victorious ; or, France humbled.

I.

TO inſults long, from France inur'd,
Britannia rouz'd, and dreadful frown'd !
Her Navy mann'd, her coaſts ſecur'd,
And fear did ev'ry foe confound !
Wiſe Heav'n thought fit,
The Patriot Pitt,
At helm ſhould ſit,
And point her flaming veng'ance round.

II.

Her daring troops, Britannia ſcann'd,
Which faithful ſtood, to guard her ſhore ;
Well pleas'd, ſhe ſaw her Navy mann'd ;
And heard 'em loud defiance roar :
Aloud ſhe cries,
France ſtill defies,
Riſe, warriors, riſe !
And drown all Gaul, in Gallic Gore !

III.

III.

My naval Sons, againſt the Gauls,
Launch forth, and with a ſtern diſdain,
Tranſport my Thunders to their walls,
And roll my terrors o'er the main;
Great George defend,
Fiercely contend,
Make Gallia bend,
Reſtrain the Frog, and check proud Spain.

IV.

No longer let proud Gallia boaſt,
But now equipt, and rous'd to arms,
Return the war along their coaſt,
Whilſt ardour ev'ry boſom warms!
Their hearts all fail,
Cold fears prevail,
Now, now, ſet ſail!
And fill all France with dread alarms!

V.

Tho' Lewis threats with naval force;
To view diſplays his warlike ſtores!
Tho' gath'ring troops, of foot, and horſe,
Range dreadful, on the hoſtile ſhores!

They

They ardour lack !
Their threats fling back !
Their coaſts attack !
'Tis thus, Britannia you implores !

VI.

To battle quick, her armies ruſh'd,
The terror of her arms diſplay,
With conqueſt oft, the troops were fluſh'd,
Her fleets launch'd forth, and ſwept the ſea !
They ev'ry where,
Stern veng'ance bear,
Spread death, and fear,
And Gallia felt a dread diſmay !

VII.

Thus whilſt our fleets ſweep o'er the main,
And troops domeſtic guard the ſhore,
Tho' France unite with haughty Spain,
And Holland too, we'll fear no more ;
Their pow'rs we'll meet,
And roughly greet,
Whilſt Britain's fleet,
In flaming death, ſhall loudly roar !

On Monſieur THUROT's deſcent and defeat.

I.

YE Britons! attend, you ſhall hear how Thurot,
(He led, only Frenchmen, intirely forgot,)
Tyger like, for awhile, kill'd, ravag'd, and then,
Victoriouſly thought to have ſlunk to his den!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

With three or four ſhips, Monſieur Thurot made boaſt,
He'd make a deſcent on Hibernia's coaſt:
Next thought to retreat, with his men, and his prey,
As well he might 'ſcape from fierce lions away!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

III.

For Æolus *, blew a ſtrong blaſt in his face!
Flung his ſails all aback †, retarded his pace!
With

* The ſhip Æolus,—and Æolus, is God of the winds.
† Aback, is a ſea term.

With a brilliant ‡ air, mix'd with fierce martial rage,
The Goddeſs || of war, ſhe bore down to engage!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

IV.

The Frenchmen grew pale, when they ſaw the three ſail,
Their paſſage obſtruct, as from Ireland they ſteal,
With vocal huzzas, to Belleiſle's volunteers, *
They play'd a rough concert of old Engliſh airs!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

V.

Of the ſymphony rude, the Gauls did complain,
And ſwore the whole tune, was a diſſonant ſtrain!
Their loud ſhouts victorious! their triumphs were drown'd!
By deep noted baſs, of our cannons around!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

VI.

The ſport rougher grew! and the Frenchmen grew ſick!
Death flew fore and aft, as the bullets flew thick!
Their

‡ The ſhip Brilliant.
|| The ſhip Pallas, Goddeſs of war.
* The Cutlaſſes, on board the Belleiſle, had for their motto, Belleiſle's volunteers.

Their great hero Thurot, fell wounded, and dead,
Soon after they ſtruck, in a cold pannic dread!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

VII.

Monſieurs! take advice, put an end to theſe wars,
You cannot engage with our troops, and brave tars!
Nor dare near the den of the Lion to roam;
Brave Hawke ſcours the ſeas! and great Pitt is at home!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

On the heroic Taylors, belonging to Elliot's light horſe, who fought ſo bravely in Germany.

I.

WHEN Granby the brave, (a diſciple of Mars!)
Ruſh'd forth from Great Britain, to germanic wars!
To fight the foe rang'd, or to force the ſtrong trench,
And help Ferdinand 'gainſt the ſwaggering French!
Derry down. down, down derry down.

II.

The Taylors, regardleſs of death, wounds, and ſcars!
Reſolv'd to leave ſtiching, and live by the wars!
With a patriot zeal, they deſerted their boards!
Beſtrode the war horſes, and brandiſh'd their ſwords!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

III.

The news throughout England, no ſooner was known,
What great emulation, the Taylors had ſhown!
But they liſted in ſcores, 'gainſt Britannia's foes!
And Elliot's light horſe, was the cohort they choſe!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

IV.

Behold they ſet ſail, from their own native land,
And meet a good welcome from brave Ferdinand;
Who led 'em ſtraightway, where the foe rang'd in view,
They kindled with ardour! and reſolute grew!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

V.

V.

They prim'd with a Frown, and ramm'd home
their balls ;
Set ſpurs, and full gallop, they drove on the Gauls ;
Face to face they diſcharg'd, unſheath'd to engage !
And hew'd thro' the French, with achillean * rage !
Derry down, down, down derry down.

VI.

Gallant Erſkine, the bold ! he headed this band !
Who follow'd like death ! at the warrior's com-
mand.
The French turn'd their backs, broke, ſcatter'd,
and fled !
The Taylors ruſh'd on, over mountains of dead !
Derry down, down, down derry down.

VII.

Poor Lewis, muſt ſurely be in a ſad plight !
When his ſwaggering heroes, our Taylors can't
fight !
If before them o'erpow'r'd, in pannic they flee !
How

* In the battle, after the death of Patroclus, Achilles gave no quarter ; and even deſtroy'd the twelve priſoners he took in fight, as a ſacrifice to the manes of his dear Patroclus ! and as the Taylors made ſuch ſlaughter, and gave no quarter ! they might be ſaid to hew thro' the ranks with achillean rage !

How dreadful! muſt Great Britain's Heroes all be!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

VIII.

In a different ſenſe, the old proverb * we'll take;
Nine ſoldiers of Gaul, ſcarce a light horſeman make:
With feminine tremor! the French are all ſmitten!
For nine dare not face a brave ſtitch † of Great Britain!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

A Satyrical, exulting Addreſs to Lewis Le Grand: alias Le Petit: on the Loſs of his Ships, Forts, Towns, and Iſlands, &c. in the two wars.

I.

COME Clio, ſweet muſe!
Let's ſing as we uſe,
And the victories naval repeat;
How

* The proverb is, nine Taylors make a man, by way of ſlur on them; but now I have inverted it, and ſaid, nine Frenchmen dare not fight an Engliſh Taylor.

† Stitch is a cant word us'd for a Taylor.

How Boſcawen, and Hawke,
Did the French Monarque baulk,
And his ſchemes of Invaſion defeat !
Brave Boys, &c.

II.

Let us mention e'm all,
That e'er fought againſt Gaul ;
Or elſe of their Conqueſts let's ſing ;
And merrily reakon,
The ſhips they have taken,
Which fight now for Great Britain's King.
Brave Boys.

III.

Now Lewis ! thou'rt vext,
Nonplus'd, and perplext !
And fret'ſt like a man in a Bog !
For thy ill fate prevails !
And thy confidence fails !
I mean in the Don, *a* and the Frog. *b*
Brave Boys.

IV.

a The Spaniards.
b The D-tch.

IV.

The two *c* Brothers Royal,
Oppoſers deſtroy all ;
And *d* Brunſwick, and Edward *d* are arm'd ;
The black *e* Eagle, and *f* Lion,
Their Prey fiercely fly on,
And France and her Friends are alarm'd !
Brave Boys.

V.

Tho' the Gauls call thee Great,
How wilt thou ſhun Fate ?
(Which threatens,) deſerted by *g* Mars !
From thee, he is torn ;
And thy *h* Di'monds are worn,
By the Britiſh brave reſolute Tars !
Brave Boys.

VI.

c Frederick the IIId, King of Pruſſia : and Prince Henry, Hereditary Prince of Pruſſia.

dd George the IIId. King of Great Britain : and His Royal Highneſs, Prince Edward.

e The black Eagle, is the Pruſſian arms.

f The Lion, being the Hieroglyphick for Great Britain, and ſome times for the King, I take the Liberty to call our Troops, and Tars, the Lion.

g Le Mars, a 74 Gun ſhip, we took : and Mars is call'd among the ancient Poets, the God of Battle.

h Le Diamond, L'Eſcarboucle, Le Rubie, L'Emerauld : 4 French men of war we took.

VI.

Thee, thy *i* Panthar aſſails,
And with Teeth, and with nails,
Tis Lewis, he now will affright!
The maſtiffs of Britain,
Moſt fiercely He ſet on,
And found 'em ſuperior in might.
Brave Boys.

VII.

I need not repeat,
Th' *k* Invincible's beat!
Thou know'ſt it already full well:
Thy Pride muſt come down,
For George has thy *l* Renown!
A true Tale moſt unpleaſing I tell.
Brave Boys.

VIII.

Le *m* Fidele, from thy Coaſt,
And thy ſervice is loſt;
An inveterate Enemy's grown:
Thee

i A French man of war, we took.
k L' Invincible, taken by us, which means unconqueſable.
l Le Renomme, a French man of war, taken; and in Engliſh Renown.
m Le Fidele, taken, in Engliſh, the faithful.

Thee, the *n* Hornet did ſting,
And then ſtretch'd on full wing,
With Diſdain, to Old England is flown.
Brave Boys.

IX.

Thy *o* Neptune chang'd Tides,
And to Great Britain glides;
And *p* Severn roll'd back to his Courſe:
They may roll back once more,
To ſweep all the French ſhore,
And make a bad matter much worſe.
Brave Boys.

X.

For Brunſwick our King,
Thy *q* Merc'ry's on wing,
Commiſſion'd to ſcour Gallic ſhores:
L' Ardent *r* 'gainſt thee turns,
And with Engliſh Rage burns,
From Great Britain's Ordonance ſtores.
Brave Boys.

XI.

n The Hornet, took from us, and retaken.

o Le Neptune, a 74 Gun ſhip, and the old Poets call Neptune God of the Sea.

p The Severn, took from us, and re-taken: and Severn is the name of a large River in England.

q The Mercury, a French ſhip of war, taken: and Mercury is call'd the winged meſſenger of the Gods.

r L' Ardent, taken, in Engliſh, Hot, fiery, burning, &c.

XI.

Le *f* Bienfaicant too,
Does thy ſubjects purſue,
And all his good Actions thou'ſt loſt :
If e'er he ſhou'd chance,
To reviſit old France,
He'll fulminate thro' the French Coaſt !

Brave Boys.

XII.

Thy *t* Subtil knock'd under,
To Rhet'ric like Thunder,
Pour'd forth in a convincing Tone :
Thus nonplus'd he ſtood,
His Reaſons not good,
To a nihil plus ultra brought down.

Brave Boys.

XIII.

With a fierce mortal Sting,
For Great Britain's King,
Hermione's *u* ready t' engage ;

 She'll

f Le Bienfaicant, a French ſhip of war, taken ; in Engliſh, the well Doer.
t The Subtil, was a French ſhip of war, taken :
u L' Hermione, a French ſhip of war, taken : and the Poets ſay, Hermione was turn'd to a Serpent. Vid : Ovid's Metamorphoſis.

She'll great miſchief hatch,
If ſhe meets a fit match,
And hiſs with a ſerpentine Rage !
Brave Boys.

XIV.

Recall thy ſhips ſent,
From the green Element,
Great George on the main will Command :
The *w* Fierce *w* Neptune, is warm'd,
And is *w* Terribly arm'd,
With Le *w* Trident, to ſhake Gallic Land !
Brave Boys.

XV.

Obſerve me, and mark it ;
We've *x* Monmouth, and Carkett,
Who roughly with Foudroyant dealt :
Againſt

wwww Le Fougoux, Le Neptune, Le Terrible, and Le Trident. In Engliſh, the Fierce, Neptune, Terrible, and Trident : four French ſhips of war, taken by us, of 64 and 74 Guns : and the Trident is Neptune's Symbol, or mark, of his being Sovereign of the Sea.

x Lieut. Carkett, in the Monmouth, a 64 Gun ſhip, bravely maintain'd the Fight, againſt the Foudroyant, an 84 Gun ſhip : (after the gallant, and much lamented Captain Gardner fell :) and continu'd to fight her till ſhe ſtruck.

Againſt three ſhips of France,
Tyrrel *y* dar'd to advance,
And that the French Floriſſant felt.
Brave Boys.

XVI.

As well thou may'ſt ſmile,
As frown on our Iſle,
We have Vigilant *z* Friends along ſhore!
Our well aiming Tars draw,
Thy Cœleſtial *a* bright Bow,
And drench their ſhafts deep in French Gore,
Brave Boys.

XVII.

This declares thy ſmall worth,
When thy *b* Thunder ruſh'd forth,
And fiercely thy French *b* Light'ning burn'd!
To

y The gallant Capt. Tyrrell, in the Buckingham, fought the Floriſſant, an 84, or 74 Gun ſhip, and two Frigates, and made all ſheer off, and had like to have taken the Floriſſant.

z Le Vigilant, taken, in Engliſh, watchful.

a L'Arcenceil, taken, in Engliſh, Bow in Heav'n, or Rainbow.

b Le Foudroyant, in Engliſh, Thunder, and Light'ning, or Thundring, and Lightning; an 84 Gun ſhip, with whom the Monmouth engag'd. and ſilenc'd.

To meet thine, England's flew,
And her Bolts Monmouth threw,
And the Claps, and the Flaſhes return'd!

Brave Boys.

XVIII.

Thou no longer canſt boaſt,
For thy Foudroyant's loſt,
At which ev'ry Hearer will wonder!
His Bolts flew no more,
He ceas'd flaſhes and Roar,
And tacitly hear'd Monmouth Thunder!

Brave Boys.

XIX.

When we wou'd raze a Town,
Pull thy ſtrong Bulwarks down,
Or Gallia's thinn'd navy wou'd rend,
From Great Britain ſtor'd,
With her Thunder on board,
Thy own Foudroyant we can ſend.

Brave Boys.

XX.

With Great Britain's Tars mann'd,
Againſt him who'll ſtand !
Whilſt Albion's loud Thunder he rolls :
He'll affright Gallic Tars,
And with deep Thunder Scars,
He'll rive, and confound all their Souls !
Brave Boys.

XXI.

Tho' in France thou art King,
Like a Bee without ſting,
Thy humming will nothing avail ;
Lewis ! look to thy Throne ;
Let the Lion alone,
Nor catch any more at his Tail.
Brave Boys.

XXII.

Whilſt Scotchmen can wield
Their broad ſwords in the Field,
By Hibernians, and Engliſh ſuſtain'd ;

The

The triple Alliance,
May bid thee Defiance,
And the Lion will never be chain'd.

Brave Boys.

XXIII.

Le *c* Soleil, and L' *d* Etoile,
Were put to the Foil,
And Comet like vaniſh'd in Blaze!
Thy ſcheme nought avail'd,
For thy *e* Ambuſcade fail'd,
And ſubmitted in pannic Amaze!

Brave Boys.

XXIV.

Thy *f* Ocean is burn'd,
The French Grand *g* Monarque's turn'd
To a Friend, and our Ally is grown!

Le

c Le Soleil, in Engliſh, the Royal Sun: the ſhip Monſieur Conflans commanded, in Quiberon-Bay; where ſhe ran aground before Admiral Hawke, and was afterward burnt.

d L' Etoile, in Engliſh, a Star; blown up in an engagement.

e The Ambuſcade, a French man of war, taken by us.

f The ſhip Ocean, Monſieur De Clue commanded; driven on ſhore, by Admiral Boſcawen, in Lagos Bay, and Burnt.

g Le Monarque, a French man of war, taken.

Le *h* Volant to George flew,
With Balls, Powder, Bombs too !
All this, we may *i* modeſtly own.
Brave Boys.

XXV.

Such Diſaſters as theſe,
If thou'lt ſtill uſe the ſeas,
O'er thy navy confounded will roll ;
Tho' thy Troubles are great,
I've much more to repeat,
Altho' it cuts deep as the ſoul.
Brave Boys.

XXVI.

We've ſunk thy Bien *k* Aime,
Thy ſtout *l* Magnanimme,
A Foe *m* Formidable is grown !
When

h Le Volant, in Engliſh, the Flyer, or to that purport ; a French man of war, taken : bound to Louiſbourg, with Powder, Bombs, and Balls.
i La Modeſte, taken by Admiral Boſcawen, in Lagos Bay.
k Admiral Pocock, in the Eaſt-Indies, drove the Bien Aime on ſhore, in one of the three Engagements, in which Monſieur Dache fled from him.
l Le Magnanimme, a French man of war, of 74 Guns, taken.
m Le Formidable, the French Rear Admiral : taken by Capt. Speke, in the Reſolution, in Quiberon Bay.

When Neptune ſhall roar,
With Mars on thy ſhore,
His terrible voice ſhall be known !

Brave Boys.

XXVII.

Danæ, once we are told,
Had a ſhow'r *n* of bright Gold ;
But worſe to thy Danæ did hap :
The Two *o* Frigates did pour,
An unwelcome hard ſhow'r
Of Iron Balls, into her Lap.

Brave Boys.

XXVIII.

L'Orphee *p* dins thine Ears,
And with dread Fragors ſcares,
Sent forth from his loud Brazen Lungs ;

In

n The Poets ſay, Jove deſcended in a ſhow'r of Gold into Danæ's Lap, where ſhe was conſin'd in a Tower ; we took the Danæ.

o The Melampe, and Southampton, engag'd the Danæ, and took her.

p L'Orphee, a 64 Gun man of war, which mounted ſome braſs Cannon ; taken at the ſame time with the Foudroyant. The Engliſh name, is Orpheus ; accounted by the antient Poets, a great maſter of Muſick ; and celebrated accordingly.

In diſſonant ſtrains,
Thy hearing he pains,
With ſixty *a* four troubleſome Tongues.
Brave Boys.

XXIX.

Cou'd he poſſibly wait,
On a Night at thy Gate,
To ſerenade *b* Pompee, and thee;
Such a ſtrain wou'd he play,
In the old Engliſh way,
As wou'd damp all the frolickſome Glee.
Brave Boys.

XXX.

Lewis! look to thy Shore,
For the Wolf's *c* at the Door!
The black *d* Eagle's watching for Prey!
Let thy Navy all ride,
The ſtrong Forts along ſide,
And ſend 'em no more out at Sea:
Brave Boys.

a L'Orphee, a 64 Gun Man of War, which mounted ſome Braſs Cannon; taken at the ſame Time with the Foudroyant. The Engliſh Name, is Orpheus; accounted by the ancient Poets, a great Maſter of Muſick; and celebrated accordingly.

b Madam Pompadour, the French King's Miſtreſs.

c When I firſt wrote this, General Wolfe was living; and it is a uſual ſaying, when Danger's nigh, The Wolf's at the Door.

d The Black Eagle, is the Pruſſian Arms.

XXXI.

For Old England can boaſt
Of a Hawke, on her Coaſt,
From whom the French Cocks frighted run;
He ſtretched out his Wing,
For Great Britain's King,
Eclipſed the bright Gallic *e* Sun.

Brave Boys.

XXXII.

Tho' *f* Superbe raſhly came,
To ſupply with his Flame,
'Twixt Hawke, and Le Soleil was ſeen;
Hawke beak'd at the Foe,
And roſe to the Blow,
And flung him upon a Careen.

Brave Boys.

XXXIII.

The next beak he gave,
To a deep wat'ry Grave,
He ſent French *g* Magnificence down;

In

e Le Soleil Royal: In Engliſh, the Royal Sun; the Ship Monſieur Conflans commanded; which ſtood about one or two Broadſides, from Admiral Hawke, ran aſhore, and was afterwards burnt.

fg Le Superbe, a French 74 Gun Ship, which bore down gallantly between the two Admirals, to take the Royal George's Fire; and which Ship, Admiral Hawke ſunk at two Broadſides. The Name in Engliſh is Magnificence, or Magnificent.

In mighty diſmay,
Conflans quickly gave way,
And trembled, when Hawke gave a frown!
Brave Boys.

XXXIV.

That Tonant *b* was mute,
Amidſt the Diſpute,
There's no Room remains for a Wonder.
Carkett, *b* ſometime before,
On Hiſpania's Shore,
Had ſeiz'd both his Lightning and Thunder!
Brave Boys.

XXXV.

As De Clue, once before,
On the Portugue Shore,
Fled away from the brave Boſcawen,
Like a terrify'd Brood,
Of Chickens purſu'd,
When a Hawk ſouſes near,
So they ſcatter'd in Fear,
And flutter'd up thro' the Villaine!
Brave Boys.

XXXVI.

b b Le Tonant, in Engliſh, the Thunderer, or Thundering, was in Quiberon Bay and ran away; and a Thunderer, without his Thunder and Lightning, makes a pitiful Figure. Lieut. Carkett, commanded the Monmouth, after Capt. Gardner fell, and took the Foudroyant.

XXXVI.

On Great Britain's dread Coaſt,
What was warlike, *i* thou'ſt loſt,
'Twill be hard to recover again ;
For thy Belliqueux, much terrify'd grew !
When he met the miſhap, to ruſh into a trap,
And was caught in the fierce Lion's *k* Den !
Brave Boys.

XXXVII.

The old Lion roars,
And along the French ſhores,
He ſends out his Cubs for their Prey :
Thy Ships once again,
They'll drive to Villaine,
And ſweep uncontroul'd o'er the Sea !
Brave Boys.

XXXVIII.

In the midſt of the Wars,
Our fierce, rough handed Tars,
Seiz'd thy *l* delicate *m* Nymphs of the Grove :
In

i The Belliqueux : In Engliſh, the Warlike ; a French 64 Gun Ship, was taken by the Antelope, when Admiral Hawke had chas'd and diſpers'd the French Fleet off at Sea ; and the Belliqueux came to Anchor under the Iſle of Lundy, near the Mouth of Briſtol Channel.

k As the Lion is the Hieroglyphick for England, I call the Coaſt of England the Lion's Den.

l La Mignone, a French Man of War, taken : In Engliſh, the Delicate.

m La Diana, a Silvan Goddeſs ; and a French Man of War, call'd the Nymph, taken.

In thy *n* Chariot they ride,
O'er the green briny Tide,
By the north *o* wind, and *p* Bellona drove.
Brave Boys.

XXXIX.

That e'er thou ſhould'ſt ſcheme,
And of Conqueſt ſhould'ſt dream,
By Invaſion ſo late in the Seaſon;
There's no room for ſurprize,
For here all the truth lies,
Thou'ſt loſt thy *q* dear *q* Prudence and *q* Reaſon!
Brave Boys.

XL.

With a reſolute Mein,
And a martial Diſdain,
Like Clouds that were loaded with Thunder!
Our Fleet bore on thine,
And diſorder'd their Line,
And ſcatter'd 'em widely aſunder!
Brave Boys.

n A French Man of War, call'd the Royal Chariot, taken.
o L'Aquillon, in Engliſh, the North Wind.
p La Bellona, Goddeſs of War; and Bellona, with the North Wind, may be properly uſed, to ſay they drive our fearleſs, matchleſs Tars to Battle.
q q q La Chere, Prudent, and Raiſonable; three Ships of War taken. In Engliſh, Dear, Prudent, and Reaſonable, or to that Purpoſe.

XLI.

Thy *q* Roſe hung its Head,
Thy King's *r* Fiſher's fled;
From the Stalk thy white *s* Lilly is torn!
t Renowned, Apollo, *u*
With *w* Garlands did follow,
Our heroic brave Tars to adorn!
Brave Boys.

XLII.

We've a Pitt moſt profound!
Where thy Policy's drown'd:
There ſunk all thy Towns, Forts and Iſles!
He long'd for ſuch plenty,
He ſwallow'd up *x* Twenty!
Whilſt Britain victorioufly ſmiles!
Brave Boys.

XLIII.

q A French Ship of War, taken.
r Halcyon, taken; in Engliſh, King's Fiſher.
s Le Lis, taken; in Engliſh, Flower de Luce.
t Le Celebre, taken; in Engliſh, the Renowned.
u A French Ship of War, taken, call'd Apollo.
w A French Ship of War, taken, call'd the Garland.
x During the ſucceſsful Adminiſtration of the Right Honourable, ſagacious, and reſolved Patriot, WILLIAM PITT, Eſq; Great Britain made no leſs than twenty Conqueſts, of Forts, Towns and Iſlands, and during his Adminiſtration, (to Great Britain's Hawke's, Boſcawen's Elliott's, and his own great Honour) Conflans, De Clue, and Thurot, were defeated.

XLIII.

I've no more to say,
Than in Quiberon Bay,
Cape Breton, Lagos, and the Streights;
South, East, North, and West,
Thy Flag * we've depreſt;
Sunk, taken, and burnt all thy Fleet!
Brave Boys.

A Comic Narration,

Of the Troubles of LEWIS the Fifteenth.

I.

YE lovers of Mirth, dreadful terrors of Gaul!
I'll do my Endeavour to pleaſure you all:
I hope naval Heroes, and Heroes terrene,
Will give an Applauſe to my comical ſtrain.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

I ſing truth, pleaſing truth! tho' the Wit ſcanty be,
Of Lewis Le Grand, alias Le Petit,
Who

* L'Oriflamme, ſunk on the Coaſt of Spain by the Monarque and Montague; in Engliſh, the Royal Banner of France.

Who coveted greatly to wear England's Crown,
But found himſelf baffled, and fear'd for his own.

Derry, &c.

III.

In ſeventeen Hundred and fifty five,
The rancour of Gaul began to revive;
Proud Lewis the fifteenth, with jealouſy ſtung,
Thought England had reſted from trouble too long.

Derry, &c.

IV.

He marſhal'd his Armies, his Navy he mann'd:
(Pompadour, at Paris, mighty Projects had plann'd)
But before Port-Mahon was took by the Gauls,
Ten thouſand Beſiegers, lay dead round the Walls.

Derry, &c.

V.

All America next, he fain wou'd enjoy.
Gauls, Indians, Canadians, the Britons deſtroy;
They ripp'd Mothers up, daſhed out Infants Brains,
But Engliſhmen rouz'd, and repaid all their Pains.

Derry, &c.

VI.

VI.

The Conqueſt of England, next Lewis deſign'd,
And his Fleet, and his Troops, together combin'd;
From different Ports, to Great Britain they ſteer;
But thanks to our Tars, they cou'd never come there!
Derry, &c.

VII.

Now George, mighty George, iſſu'd out War's commands;
Next him, like Mount Atlas, great Pitt firmly ſtands;
Well fix'd on a Legge; tho' the World ſhou'd aſſail,
His Baſis was ſure, and they cou'd not prevail.
Derry, &c.

VIII.

Theſe three, worthy three, firſt our reſcue deſign'd;
When to ruin we ran, to our danger quite blind;
They ſaw our diſtreſs, and they Giant like roſe;
Pluck'd the nation from fears, & the hands of our foes.
Derry, &c.

IX.

With theſe roſe a band of true Patriots brave,
Inſpir'd with a zeal their poor country to ſave;

Whoſe names Boſcawen, Hawke, & Saunders we call;
Ligonier, Wolfe, and Amherſt, the terrors of Gaul.
Derry, &c.

X.

With theſe, (as if fir'd with one ſoul from above,)
The Nobles, the Commons, unanimous ſtrove;
The ſons of Great-Britain, to battle aroſe,
Ruſh'd on like a Flood, and bore down all their foes.
Derry, &c.

XI.

Now Pitt, for our champion, we happily choſe,
An impregnable bulwark againſt all our foes;
With fortitude, honour, and juſtice aray'd,
Proud Gallia beholds him, and trembles diſmay'd.
Derry, &c.

XII.

Our Tars, and our Troops, now rouz'd to the fight,
And put the French Nation in terrible fright!
Now Louiſbourg fell, and Cherburg likewiſe;
French Fleets at St. Maloes, in ſmoke mount the ſkies;
This Edward the brave, Howe, & Marlbro' perform'd;
Boſcawen, Wolfe, Amherſt, ſtrong Louiſbourg ſtorm'd.
Derry, &c.

XIII.

XIII.

Amherſt, Johnſon, & Forbes, in th' American War,
Conquer'd Crown Point, DuQueſne, & Fort Niagar;
With theſe Rogers join'd, & thro' Woods, & Defiles,
They march'd on victorious, in ſpight of French wiles.
Derry, &c.

XIV.

Bradſtreet, Winſlow, & Schomberg, reſolved advance,
And with them united 'gainſt troubleſome France;
Drove Indians, and Gauls, each fortreſs they took,
From the River Ohio, to Delaware's Brook.
Derry, &c.

XV.

At Guadaloup, Senegal, and the Places around,
Draper, Barrington, Clive, with conqueſt were crown'd,
In Afric, no one to oppoſe 'em was found,
And Keppel in Thunder, beat Goree to Ground.
Derry, &c.

XVI.

Next Rodney bombarded poor Havre de Grace,
And the flat-bottom'd Boats, topſide turvy did place;
The Project fine ſpun, of Invaſion, he broke;
Ramm'd their Schemes down their Throats, cloath'd
in Vapour & Smoke. *Derry, &c.*

XVII.

XVII.

We've Granby at Hanover, Granby the brave;
Who with bold Ferdinand, ſtrives th' Elect'rate to ſave,
And Contades for Life, (upon Minden's fam'd Plain)
Will remember the brave Phillips, Drummond, Macbean. *Derry*, &c.

XVIII.

Tho' Richlieu, the Marſhal (like an Imp ſent from Hell)
The Orphan Houſe burnt, and the Orphans at Zell;
When Ferdinand fought, he fled in diſgrace,
And thirty ſix thouſand * left dead on the Place.
Derry, &c.

XIX.

Each Foe from our Ally, brave Fred'rick, recedes,
The Auſtrians, & Poles, Gauls, Ruſſians, & Swedes;
He repels all their Pow'rs, their Malice diſdains,
And rolls waſting War, thro' the Germanic Plains.
Derry. &c.

XX.

Oft the Frigates of France, mann'd with Frenchmen ſo ſtout,
Caught a terrible Tartar † in cruizing about;
Brave

* I don't mean, he loſt 36,000 in one Battle; but ſo many of the French, were deſtroy'd, of that Army, by the beſt Accounts we can get.

Brave Lockhart † wou'd fight, like Achilles enrag'd,
And came home crown'd with Conqueſt whene'er he engag'd. *Derry*, &c.

XXI.

Our Navy launch'd forth, in queſt of their Prey,
And drove the French Navy quite out of the Sea ;
They ſculk'd into Breſt, Toulon, or Villaine;
And there let 'em ſtay : for great GEORGE rules the Main. *Derry*, &c.

XXII.

Holmes, and Saunders, in Canada, gave 'em a check,
And the brave Engliſh Wolfe, he devour'd Quebec ;
And to the Confuſion, and terror of Gaul,
A Prey to Great Britain, their Merchant Fleets fall.
Derry, &c.

XXIII.

Boſcawen on ſhore, chas'd De Clue from the Sea ;
And Hawke conquer'd Conflans in Quibron Bay :
Some ſunk, founder'd, burnt, (to quell Gallic Pride,)
And ſome captivated, to Great Britain glide !
Derry, &c.

XXIV.

† † It is a uſual ſaying, when a Perſon finds he is overpower'd by an Antagoniſt, in Argument, or Battle, (whom he thought to overcome) that he caught a Tartar : And Capt. Lockhart, commanded his Majeſty's Ship Tartar, and took many French Frigates of War.

XXIV.

Their floating Defence, began to grow ſcant,
And the French Royal Navy, a Convoy did want;
Like a Brood of ſcar'd Chickens they ſculk from the Sea,
When they hear our brave Hawk is in queſt of his Prey.
Derry, &c.

XXV.

Thurot, on Hibernia, made a Deſcent,
But (like Gallic Fortune,) obſerve the Event;
Clements, Elliott, Logie, (a leaſh of brave Tars;
The Brothers of Neptune, the Rivals of Mars,)
Fierce as Cubs, they ruſh'd forth, from the old Lion's Den,
Fac'd the Hero Thurot, and affrighted his Men.
Derry, &c.

XXVI.

Stern Æolus * firſt, he began the attack,
In a ſulph'rous ſtorm, flung their Sails all aback; †
The Brilliant ‡ Goddeſs ‡ of War was enrag'd.
Terpſichore, & Le Blonde, Yard & Yard Arm engag'd,
Derry, &c.

XXVII.

* Æolus, in Hiſtory, is call'd the God of the Winds.

† Aback, is a Sea Term, and it belongs to the Wind, to take the Sails all aback.

‡ ‡ The Ship Brilliant, and the Pallas; which is call'd in Hiſtory, the Goddeſs of War: theſe two engag'd the Terpſichore, and Le Blonde, whilſt Capt. Elliott, in the Æolus, engag'd Monſieur Thurot, in the Belleiſle.

XXVII.

The gallant Thurot, was ſlain in the Fray,
And down came their Enſigns in pannic diſmay;
The French were amaz'd at Britannia's Thunder!
They own'd themſelves beat, & deliver'd their plunder.
Derry, &c.

XXVIII.

Reſolv'd to retrieve the loſt Honour of France,
Againſt captiv'd Quebec, ten thouſand advance:
But Murray, & Britons, march'd out from the Fort,
And gave them a ſample of true Engliſh ſport.
Derry, &c.

XXIX.

By thouſands born down, yet little diſmay'd,
On the Walls of Quebec, ſuch a Concert they play'd;
The rough warlike Notes, chill'd the Ardor of France,
They car'd not to join Hand in Hand in the Dance.
Derry, &c.

XXX.

When Schomberg, & Dean, & brave Swanton appear'd,
And with Murray's Notes, in loud Concert were heard,
A Pannic (accuſtom'd) fill'd Frenchmen with Fears,
And ruſh'd to their Souls, thro' their terrify'd Ears,
Derry, &c.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Away fled the Frigates, on ſhore, in Deſpair,
And the Forces forgot what firſt call'd 'em there;
They ran (deaf as Adders, to Glory's loud call,)
From Engliſh Quebec, into French Montreal.
Derry, &c.

XXXII.

But Amherſt, and Murray, with Vengeance purſu'd,
And at Montreal, thoſe Beſiegers ſubdu'd:
When the three Nations join'd, and the Rangers give chace!
Where ſafely immur'd, can the French find a Place?
Derry, &c.

XXXIII.

Lewis frets at the News, (like a Man in a Bog,)
And fain wou'd call in both the Don and the Frog,
But our Bulwarks afloat, belch their threats in black flame,
And our Troops are all ready to play the fierce Game.
Derry, &c.

XXXIV.

Now Fortune gave Keppel, and Hodgſon a ſmile,
They batter'd bombarded, confounded Belleiſle:

The

The gallic Monarque, (like a growling ſhe bear,
When robb'd of her whelps,) roar'd out in deſpair.
Derry, &c.

XXXV.

Next Monckton, and Rodney, (delighting in wars,)
With Great-Britain's Soldiers, and reſolute Tars,
And GEORGE the third's veng'ance, (whom none can withſtand,)
Againſt Martinico, in thunder they land.
Derry, &c.

XXXVI.

Not long, Martinico their battle cou'd bear,
Monckton, Rodney, and Douglaſs, and Hervey were there:
St. Peter's, St. Lucia's, the Conquerors own,
When down Martinico in ruin was thrown.
Derry, &c.

XXXVII.

At length the French arts, and French promiſes gain
The long wiſh'd, long promis'd aſſiſtance from Spain;
Great-Britain arouz'd, (like a Lion, in Rage,)
Defiance roar'd out, and prepar'd to engage.

XXXVIII.

Brave Albemarle, Pocock, and Keppel arose,
And conquer'd at Cuba, our fierce Spanish Foes;
Of silver, and gold, rich Havannah they drein;
Lewis! what wilt thou do? for we've beggar'd
proud Spain!

Derry, &c.

XXXIX.

Th' ill Fate of thy Ally still greatly prevails,
And into our Port, his Hermione fails:
Where? where wilt thou go, to replenish thy store?
For thy Churches are robb'd of their glittering ore!

Derry, &c.

XL.

The gold laden Galleons, to Old-England are led;
And implacable Bess, of wild Russia is dead;
Fate, still seems resolv'd to sustain Prussia's Throne,
And all hopes of conquest o'er Fred'rick are flown.

Derry, &c.

XLI.

The Flower de Luce, the old Lion hath rent,
The French are all nonplus'd, their Treasures are
spent;
Like Vermin intrapp'd, let 'em bustle and fret;
For their schemes are all sunk in a mighty deep Pitt.

Derry, &c.

A Song, on the taking of Martinico.

I.

WHEN Monckton, and Rodney, for landing prepar'd,
Martinico's white flag of defiance was rear'd;
An emblem moſt juſt, of their coolneſs, and fear,
And the hue of their faces, as Monckton drew near.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

(As Jove flings his bolts, amidſt ſulphurous roar,)
Our Tars launch'd our terrible Troops on the ſhore,
Beneath the red Banners, (fit mark of their Rage;)
Under which Britain's Sons of true Freedom engage.
Derry, &c.

III.

The Governor ſaid, (with ſatyrical ſmile,)
Tho' they boaſt of reducing Quebec, and Belleiſle;
Believe me my Lads, (what I now ſhall expreſs,)
They're faint hearted* females, in fierce manly dreſs.
Derry, &c.

IV.

* We are inform'd, when our Troops were landing at Martinico; that M'r De la Touche, the French Governor, told his men,

IV.

Perhaps, when he ſaw Caledonians draw nigh ;
He thought that they held up their petticoats high;
As he to ſuch dreſs, unaccuſtom'd had been,
Little dreamt that the Lion was in the ſheep's ſkin.

Derry, &c.

V.

They trod terrafirma, to battle they flew,
Quickly prov'd they were males, and rough veterans too ;
Seiz'd with ſpeed moſt precipitate, ev'ry Redoubt,
(As red Britons march'd in, the pale Frenchmen ran out.)

Derry, &c.

VI.

De la Touche's old Women, advanced with ſpeed,
As Tigers, in chace of a terrify'd Kid :
Thoſe teſty old Matrons, wou'd have turn'd up the Br—ch,
Of all his French boys, had they ſtay'd in their reach.

Derry, &c.

VII.

men, to encourage them to battle ; that the Engliſh Forces, were only a parcel of Women, dreſs'd like the Soldiers : which if they had believ'd ever ſo firmly, the event of the battle, gave both him, and them, intire ſatisfaction to the contrary.

VII.

His Troops made requeſt, that his Cooks they might be,
And cut all our Troops, into ſmall * Fricaſee ;
But their diſmal miſhap, we may aptly compare,
To his, who unkill'd, ſold * the ſkin of a Bear.

Derry, &c.

VIII.

La Touche chang'd his tale, from what he'd begun,
Saying ſurely their Monarch is Philip's † great ſon ;
And his Troops, which thoſe Heroes undauntedly lead,
Are the Troops of old Macedon roſe from the dead.

Derry, &c.

IX.

To the hills, with ſome thouſands, I ſtraightway will flee ;
For here is no room, for my Troops, nor for me ;
Let

** We heard that the French Troops, petition'd to the Governor, to have liberty to make a ſally, and cut all our Troops up, into a Hauſhee, or Fricaſee. The event declar'd their miſtake : for they had Great-Britain's Troops to deal with : and I ſuppoſe, the fable of the Hunter, Tanner, and Bear, is ſo well known, that it needs no recital here.

† Alexander, who conquer'd the World ; was ſon to Philip, King of Macedon. The Macedonian Troops, were thoſe, with which Alexander conquer'd.

Let GEORGE take the forts, ammunition, and
ſtore;
The World muſt own * Him, for its Maſter * once
more.

Derry, &c.

** As Alexander conquer'd the World, and De la Touche, juſt now ſaid, his Majeſty King GEORGE the third, was Philip's ſon, and his Troops, the old Macedonians, of Alexander's Army; the alluſion I think is juſt, to ſay, the World will once more be his.

FINIS.



PROPOSALS for printing by subscription, on sufficient encouragement being given: As a Supplement to the foregoing Poem, and a Period to this glorious War: By GEORGE COCKINGS: The taking, and re-taking, of St. John's, in Newfoundland, in heroic Verse: and in the same letter, and size of page, as the former Poem. With a Preface, and explanation annex'd to the Poem; and large marginal References: in which, every thing necessary to be animadverted on, the Author has endeavour'd to explain, to the satisfaction of every Reader: such as the naval protection we were favour'd with from Home, for the Continent, Louisbourg, and Newfoundland: and the speed, with which ships were equipt, and sent out to guard our Territories, and revenge the injury: who unluckily, came after the French fleet was sail'd, and the Place was again reduc'd by Forces, seasonably sent from the Continent. And the Preface, and References, likewise display, the behaviour of the French, when we surrender'd, and the usage, they in general gave the greatest part of the people. The Author being on the spot, and remaining there, till the day Lord *Colvill*, &c. arriv'd from the Continent. After which, the Poem declares the Gallantry of Lord *Colvill*, Capt. *Graves*, Capt. *Jarvis*, Capt. *Douglass*, and Capt. *Hallowell*; in the Northumberland, a 74, the Antelope, a 50, the Gosport, a 40, the Siren, a 20, and the King George, a 26 gun ship, of Massachusetts: which I saw bravely dare the French Fleet, a 74, a 64, a 36, a 26, and a 14 gun ship, to come out, with a fair wind, and engage; altho' soldiers, and all included, they had 3 men to 2. Whilst the Gosport, and King George, took an armed schooner, in Deadman's-Bay, and almost under their Garrison. After which, for about 3 weeks, they block'd up the Harbour. Next, in order, the animated resolves, and seasonable activity, of General, and Colonel *Amherst*, and the American Provinces; who all, like faithful Sons of their Mother Country; made a rapid progress, in arming, and sending the few forces they could collect, to battle with our exulting foes. Their descent, march through the woods, routing the enemy, and taking possession of Quitty Vitty. Their resolved intrepidity, in attacking, and ascending the stupendous, and ambuscaded Hill, call'd Look-out. The danger, and place describ'd: (being well known to the Author.) The advance, and charge, face to face, with the prime, and veteran troops of France. The rout of the foe; their retreat, and halt; and Britain's thunder-storm, and her thunder-bolts of war, rushing with headlong fury, down the craggy steep, upon them.

Their

Their ſecond rout, and retreat to the garriſon. The garriſon attack'd, and carried by our animated troops. Thro' the whole narration, many deſerving, and diſtinguiſh'd Leaders, ſhine with their juſtly deſerved ſhare of honour; without any partial prejudice, to country or party. And to which will be added, an Eſſay on the glorious Peace, (in heroic Verſe,) generouſly beſtowed on warring Europe, by victorious GEORGE the third: in which, the Author has endeavour'd to place in their true light, every Stateſman, and Patriot, whether in, or out; and every Warrior, whether living, or dead; ſo far as he can learn, they contributed to the honour of Great Britain, and her Colonies; and the glorious Period put to the bloody and expenſive war.

The Price to Subſcribers, on delivery of the Book; a Piſtareen; or at moſt *One Shilling* ſterling. Subſcriptions are taken in by Meſſieurs *Edes* & *Gill*, and *D.* & *J. Kneeland*, in Queen-ſtreet; and by the Author, *George Cockings*, at Mr. *Benjamin Gray*'s, oppoſite the old brick Meeting-Houſe, in Cornhill.

N. B. Any Gentlemen inclin'd to ſubſcribe, may hear the Preface, Explanation, and Poem, from the Author: but he will not part with the Manuſcript to any one.